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Together

Can Girls Reform Boys?

Worship in National Parks

Each Day's Mother's Day

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families May 1959

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African art show: Almeira Makhule's reverent labor of love brightens walls in the Teles Leper Colony.

Portrait of an African Artist

By BENGT SIMONSSON

"There are always pictures in my head," says Makhule, who often mixes his paints from the ashes of jungle herbs.

LONG BEFORE I visited the Teles Leper Colony in Mozambique, Africa, I had heard about Almeira Makhule. Mine workers, journeying to Johannesburg, spoke often of this leper and the biblical pictures he paints on the whitewashed walls of his hut.

So during the Christmas season I visited the colony, staffed and supported in large measure by Methodists. Mozambique includes a large area of tropical coastline in southeast Africa, facing the island of Madagascar. I found Makhule outside his hut; clothes tattered, his face scarred and limbs mutilated from the ravages of the dread disease.

In response to my greeting he said, "I am glad you have come," but in his voice there was no enthusiasm. Then, explaining that I was a lay missionary, I told him, "I have heard about your paintings; I would be glad if you would tell me something about yourself and your work." Like magic, his indifference disappeared. His voice vibrated with pride as he led me to his first painting:

"This is Mary...here is Joseph... and there is the Christ Child...That is how they look to me when I read about them in my Bible."

By artistic standards, the paintings are primitive; a mixture of stark realism and naïve conception of perspective and form. But surely no artist ever guided his brush with a more loving hand.

"Pictures just come to me," he said. "When Christmas is over, I will wash these off and paint something else."

We paused before a painting of the flight into Egypt. I asked why a small boy was leading the donkey. "I don't know," Makhule answered,

"but they had to have somebody to help them. I thought he should be there." Proudly, he went on to tell me how fortunate African Christians feel that their continent was the first to give shelter to the persecuted Christ.

As the artist spoke, one scarred hand touched the rough wall where the paint had sunk into the lime coat. I realized suddenly that he had never studied art, yet I was strangely impressed by what I saw—so impressed, in fact, that I asked permission to photograph his work.

"You mean you want to show these pictures to your friends in Johannesburg?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes," I answered. And, I could have added, to my people in Sweden, to the people of America, to the whole world. For here I had found a man who is living out his faith—not only in his art, but in his life.

It was dark when I left the leper colony. But in my mind's eye I could still see Makhule's paintings—and the fire that blazed in his eyes as he discussed them. To him, despite all handicaps, Christ's story was so vital that he had to tell it to others the only way he could—by vivid paintings on the wall of his hut, deep inside the confines of an African leper colony.

A Christmas mural: this is Makhule's conception of the biblical three wise men. Joseph (below) strives to protect his newborn son from the threats of Herod.

The artist added a boy to the flight to Egypt—because he felt one would be needed.

They Are 'The People'

THE LOVE of mother and child glows in the eyes of this Navaho Indian woman and her pretty daughter. Dramatic changes are taking place in Navaho life these days as Church and school combine to help an ancient people regain a place in the sun. [See *Navaho Teaches Navaho,* page 24.] And as Mother's Day nears, these two bespeak the sense of family unity which, for centuries, has been a mainstay of the Navahos—a proud tribe whose members still call themselves *Diné*—"The People."

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—John Wesley (1703-1791)

SO MANY KIND WORDS have come in about last month's color pictorial on trees [*'I Would Still Plant My Apple Tree,'* April, 1959, page 35] that we thought you'd like to step behind the scenes to see how it developed—from the seed of an idea, you might say.

It started with an editor who snagged his mental pantaloons on this quotation, which he couldn't forget: "Even if I knew that tomorrow the world would go to pieces, I would still plant my apple tree." He thought the quote came from Martin Luther, father of Protestantism, but couldn't be sure. So four TOGETHER researchers, the Chicago libraries, and some helpful Lutheran friends began what for many days proved a fruitless search. This became known around the office as the Case of the Missing Quotation—until one day it was verified in, of all places, our own files!

Meanwhile, we were scanning hundreds of color transparencies of trees submitted by photo agencies and you reader-photographers. We held a long series of staff conferences. Writers and researchers pored over reference works. Even the U.S. Forest Service was consulted. The art director sketched out layout after layout, but one thing we needed badly was still missing—graphic emphasis on Arbor Day, started by J. Sterling Morton, a Methodist. Somebody suggested the late Grant Wood's immortal painting, *Arbor Day*. Where was it?

Our Girl Monday (that's the day she started) called art institutes, *Life Magazine* (which used *Arbor Day* some 20 years ago but didn't know what had happened to it), a high-school principal, an undertaker in Iowa, Mr. Wood's sister in California, and many others. The painting, we finally learned, is owned by King Vidor, the movie producer, and hangs in his Beverly Hills home. But Mr. Vidor was in Spain. His home was locked. So we telephoned him in Madrid, had a pleasant chat (wishing him a happy Thanksgiving in the process), and his Hollywood agent opened the door for us.

There's a great deal more, but after several months the pictorial reached the caption-writing stage. The writer, being the boyhood friend of a lot of fine old trees, had pretty easy sailing from there on.

Now about this month's cover: The puppies and the children tell us why so many people open pet shops. So they can see this appealing picture every day, from the inside! —YOUR EDITORS

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Selected Bits from Your Letters

From a GI: Thanks

JAMES V. DRYSDALE
APO 171, New York City

I am serving with the Army in Germany and want to extend my thanks for publishing such a wonderful magazine.

I have read almost every article in the 14 issues I received from home. I would like to see this magazine put into the Special Services Libraries of the U.S. Forces!

Can You Spare Back Copies?

M. R. SHIVERS, *Chaplain*
Post Chapel
Fort Tilden 95, N.Y.

I'm serving in the Army now, so it is not possible for my "parish" to participate in the All Family subscription program. However, if you have subscribers who would like to get their money's worth out of each issue, and then some, we would be happy to relay their copies to men of our battalion and their families.

Mail to me should be sent to the address as given above.

Quiet Meditation Isn't Formality

MRS. RUTH HUNNEL DENNISON
Woodsfield, Ohio

After reading the letter, *Intoxicated With Formality?* [March, 1959, page 4], I rise to say that we here in our section of Ohio are still converted. Our faith deepens as we experience life, work with people, understand their needs and joys—and love them.

I've visited as many churches as I could manage on trips and they seemed to have a living relationship with the Lord. In many of them the invitation to share prayer at the church altar is given, but more important is the challenge to such deep thinking as to open the altar of individual hearts so that Christ can enter and touch problems that no one else can reach.

To me, quiet meditation doesn't indicate formality.

Formalism . . . Locked Doors?

DULCINEA SULLIVAN
Kokomo, Ind.

I would like to add a hearty "amen" to W. Max Ewing's letter [March, 1959, page 4]. It seems to me that a church's prime reason for being here is to save souls and guide Christians. The churches now have substituted ritual and formalism for the way of salvation. It's getting so that whenever you pass a church its doors are locked and the windows darkened, except for Sunday morning. What do other readers think about it?

This question—at least about this so-called Wooden Curtain—will be discussed in a future Powwow.—EDS.

This Pastor Approves 'Chuckles'

JESSE L. MURRELL, D.D.
Covington, Ky.

What a paper! I think that on reading each issue, but March takes the cake.

Who could say it better than Madame Chiang Kai-shek does about immortality? Bruce Catton's "fresh challenge" on survival; what an article! And those three pages of pictures and comment, *They Like a Chuckle, Too!* are keen. Charley Jackson hit the bull's-eye. But Bishop Kennedy's *A Faith to Live By* tops them all. Your picture-illustrated articles are always good, but *Christ's Last Days on Earth* is choice.

This Layman Doesn't . . .

E. V. TURNER, M.D., *Lay Leader*
Bexley Methodist Church
Columbus, Ohio

They Like a Chuckle, Too! [March, 1959, page 25] may have provoked some mirth among minister-readers. Being a layman, I found some of the pictures pathetically, tragically unfunny.

If the kingdom of God is a kingdom of right relations, as many Christians believe, it is hard for me to see how the ministry of our church can hope to be able to usher it in if their interpersonal relationships can be illustrated by a pack of dogs fighting over a bone. If such is the case, it seems to me to be far from amusing.

U.S. Methodism—175 years old!

MARY KATE O'BRYON
Uniontown, Pa.

The pictures of Jumonville Methodist training center in *Where Washington First Made History* [February, 1959, page 74] are beautiful, but they can't convey the expansive grounds or the spirit of serenity that prevails there. Incidentally, the great cross on Dunbar's Knob [March, 1959, *Cover*] overlooks the cradle of Methodism west of the mountains.

As early as 1768, a Maryland Methodist, John Jones, had built his log cabin on Redstone Creek, and the his-

"Because I was always on edge, my doctor started me on Postum"

"**Everyone's a little edgy** now and then. But when things started bothering me way out of proportion, day after day, I got to wondering.

"My doctor said I might be drinking too much coffee. He told me there are times when some people just can't take all the caffein in the coffee they drink. He suggested I start drinking Postum because Postum doesn't have a speck of caffein in it to irritate the nervous system.

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tory of Asbury Church in Uniontown begins with log-cabin meetings in 1778.

In May, Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke is opening a three-week commemoration of the founding of the Redstone church in 1784—just 175 years ago!

American Methodism, organized as a church, dates from 1784, also. A special issue of TOGETHER *in November will dramatize the fact that American Methodism grew up with our country.*—EDS.

Oregon Qualls Have Twins, Too

MRS. MILTON NELSON
Estacada, Oreg.

I was pleasantly surprised to read of the Qualls family [*Meet the Qualls of Athens, Tenn.*, January, 1959, page 18] since we also have a Qualls family in Estacada. Dewey Qualls is chairman of the trustees of our church and his wife, Hattie, is church-school superintendent.

A further coincidence is that our Qualls also have twins, but their twins are boys.

Are Madonnas 'Horrible'?

MRS. MARTIN LOUCKS
Fredonia, Kans.

Mrs. Esther Anderson's criticism of *Women of the Bible* [*Letters*, February, 1959, page 4] applies in the same way to Raphael, da Vinci, and Fra Angelico. Are Fra Angelico's and Raphael's Madonnas "horrible" because they are blondes? Is the Mona Lisa "unnatural" because she has a round face and an Italian background? Is Sallman's *Head of Christ* [October, 1956, page 46] less inspiring because it does not look Jewish?

Even a perfunctory study of art would reveal that the spirit, the message, of a painting is the basic consideration, and the physical characteristics important only to the extent that they reveal that message.

I hope that we may have another series of Mrs. Richards' truly beautiful photographs soon.

Conscience Convenient?

CHARLES M. HERITAGE
Haddonfield, N.J.

I can agree with your *Newsletter* item [February, 1959, page 9], *Urge Draft Study*. The study of any human law might make for a better law. But the Council of Bishops' action—"reminded draft boards"—is a different angle. The label, "draft board," is an outmoded Civil War term. Local boards do not draft, they classify.

As to our church's condoning a member's "Christian conscience" in answering their government's call, that call is the law of the land. Should this same conscience be the final word regarding compulsory education, the payment of taxes, or serving jury duty? During World War II this personal conscience caused the U.S. Navy a shortage of 700 Protestant chaplains. I think this conscience of ours may be convenient, but can bring our respect for law and order to a dangerous low.

Religion Can Unify Peoples

GEORGE M. MARDIKIAN
Restaurateur
San Francisco, Calif.

I have been a great admirer of our mutual friend, Dorothy Thompson, author of *Moslem and Christian Can Be Friends* [November, 1958, page 18]. She has been one of the few commentators and writers who has had a better understanding of the Arab-Israeli problems. And she has suffered a lot because of it.

I believe the only approach left to bring about peaceful existence between people is through religion. After all, isn't that what the world needs today—a little more religion? And if we can get religious leaders of all faiths to find a common ground I am sure political leaders will hesitate before they take dangerous steps.

He Avoids the Limelight

STACY D. MYERS, JR., *Pastor*
Berwyn, Pa.

Thank you for your fine story about Arthur Fennimore [*Unusual Methodists*, February, 1959, page 28]. One thing which has struck the people of our church about this fine young musician is his extreme humility. At a concert he gave recently, after a brilliant performance he sneaked out the back door to avoid any congratulations.

Government Money Is Our Money

WAYNE F. FISHER
Malcolm, Nebr.

We have conflicting views expressed in *Newsletter* [March, 1959, page 9]. One, the fear of Communism; the other, asking communistic legislation be pushed. Federal aid to education, federal housing, and other aid plans involve a lot of money that comes from the public but, because of the complexity of the problem, must be administered by a few. The fact that the money is coming from the government leads people to ignore the fact that it is their own money. Leaving the responsibility in government hands does not act in line with good stewardship.

Can You Help Mrs. Lewis?

MRS. BENNETT R. LEWIS
314 E. Main St.,
Springfield, Ky.

God's Mysterious Way [February, 1959, page 27] was of special interest to those of us who live in or near Washington County. Here it was that

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the Rev. Jesse Head spent 15 years, working with his apprentices in his Springfield cabinet shop from Monday to Saturday, and on Sunday donning his black coat and white stock and mounting his old gray horse to go forth to preach the Gospel. On June 12, 1806, he rode six miles to the Francis Berry home where he married Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, a union that produced Abraham Lincoln.

On June 12, 1959, Lincoln Homestead Park, site of the first Kentucky home of the Lincoln family, will be the scene of a re-enactment of that marriage. Descendants of the Lincoln, Shipley, and Head families will have the principal roles. We are trying to make this wedding authentic in every detail and are especially eager to obtain a copy of the wedding ritual used by Methodist ministers early in the 19th century. Perhaps readers could help us.

Funerals and Flowers

FRED WILKEN, *Pastor*
Fresno, Calif.

The advertisement entitled *A Psychologist's Views on Flowers at Funerals,* which was printed by the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association [April, 1959, page 10], shows a great lack of understanding of the Christian funeral.

The Christian funeral in America has too often become a secular display of conspicuous consumption rather than a service of worship.

Memorial gifts are criticized when actually they are the most creative Christian expression of concern for the deceased, especially when planned by the family and pastor.

There is certainly some value in having a simple flower arrangement for the casket but other flowers would have meant more if they had been sent before death.

The florists in America give valuable service to our society in many ways, and I realize the majority of their business comes from funerals, but they do great harm by encouraging the overemphasis of flowers at funerals.

TOGETHER *has received many letters in the vein of the one from Pastor Wilken, none commending the advertisement. It is* TOGETHER *policy carefully to scrutinize all advertising for appropriateness—and patronage which could be computed at many thousands of dollars is rejected each year. In this case, however, the customary checkup was inadvertently omitted. Dr. Crane is a distinguished psychologist, physician, and Methodist churchman—and also a valued contributor to this magazine [see page 45]. However, we would join with those correspondents who respectfully disagree with some of the statements in this advertisement.*—EDS.

Together / NEWSLETTER

METHODISM IN 50TH STATE. Hawaiian Methodists joined in celebrating admission of the islands into the Union. The Hawaiian Mission, organized in 1904, has 24 churches (15 of them on TOGETHER'S All Family plan) with a membership of 5,469, and property worth $2,754,787.

URGES SUPPORT OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK. Bishop Arthur J. Moore of Atlanta, just back from Formosa and Hong Kong, says he is convinced the U.S. must continue its support of the Nationalist government "and that we cannot recognize Communist China." The Bishop, also president of the Board of Missions, has episcopal supervision over the Taiwan-Hong Kong Provisional Annual Conference.

HEADS NEW THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL. Dr. John W. Dickhaut of Columbus, Ohio, has been named president of the Methodist Theological School in Ohio. He has been working since 1956 to get the school ready to open in 1960. Dr. Van Bogard Dunn of Forest Height Church, Jackson, Tenn., has been chosen dean.

CHURCH ACTIVITY IRRITATING REDS. Partinaja Shisn (Party Life), official Communist Central Committee paper in Moscow, complains church activity is on the increase and says "neglect of antireligious propaganda greatly strengthens the church's position in evangelizing."

LARGER OFFERING SOUGHT. Five general agencies are campaigning for better offerings on World-Wide Communion Sunday, October 4. Receipts last year totaled $581,000 as against $621,000 in 1957. Participating are the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, the Commissions on Chaplains, Camp (military) Activities, Promotion and Cultivation, and Board of Evangelism.

NEW SAYINGS OF CHRIST. An ancient document found in Egypt in 1956 has disclosed heretofore unknown sayings attributed to Christ. Known as the Gospel of Thomas, the writings, according to French Bible scholar Dr. Oscar Cullman, also contain sayings identical with or similar to those in the Four Gospels. The sayings are expected to be published in the near future by Professor Henri-Charles Puech of the College de France.

PLAN 250 MORE CHURCHES IN FOUR YEARS. Korean Methodists, who have formed 250 new congregations since 1953, plan to add another 250 within the next quadrennium. They now have 1,200 churches and 47,000 members.

(*More church news on page 67*)

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven..."

Put God in Your Will

Before the divine summons comes, have you as a worthy steward provided in your Will to carry on missionary work abroad? This is the work of the church to which you have dedicated time and money.

As a Will provides for your loved ones, let it also provide for getting God's Gospel to the overlooked and unloved ones among His children.

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YOUR HOME CAN BE CHRISTIAN Donald M. Maynard tells you how to build happy homes—where Christian faith is a natural part of family living. Deals with discipline, fear, getting along with others. (AP)
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All of Mrs. Griffiths' children learn to lend a helping hand with household chores as part of their upbringing.

✠ ***Personal Testimony***

God, Give Me Strength

By MARTHA GRIFFITHS

I AM the mother of young children. Within me burns an intense desire for their proper upbringing.

I must rear these children so that, as adults, they will stand tall in spirit and body, strong in character and limb; be compassionate, full of grace, wise, and skillful to the extent of their ability. To do this, I first must show them my love—by words, by physical contact, even by such little things as the spicy fragrance of food in the oven, clean, breeze-blown sheets, a silly note in a lunch box, and time spent alone with each child.

I must give my children the poise and grace to accomplish their growing years with a sureness that comes of knowledge and experience. They will learn courtesy and good manners, pleasant social recreations, how to express themselves clearly and precisely, the delicate art of conversation, and the even more delicate art of listening.

I cannot omit the obvious duties of seeing that they have proper exercise, rest, food, clothing, and medical care.

In addition to encouraging regular schoolwork, I will teach my children their ABCs, poetry, Bible verses, geography—things that will become meaningful and necessary later on. By my side, learning will be fun, a game, not tiresome work. An encyclopedia and good books will always be available. And I must not be too tired to play the music they want to hear as they go to sleep—Chopin, Schubert, Gilbert and Sullivan.

I must give my children a faith in God by going to Sunday school and church with them, by home worship, by example and discussion and a sharing of experience. I must instill in them a compassion for all their fellow men.

Like Isaac, they will learn that there are times one must yield and times one must take a stand. They must learn to face alone the crowd, the teacher, the boss, or judge, to state their case with dignity and simplicity.

I shall give my children the privilege of knowing fear, quick anger, righteous indignation, hatred, a desire for revenge. Not by shielding them but by permitting them to meet and conquer these feelings can I help them toward maturity and strength.

I must nurture in my children an inner peace, an eagerness to welcome and use solitude. They shall not be denied long hours of doing nothing, of watching clouds or tiny lawn creatures, of walking alone in a gentle rain, of dreaming in a stifling, dusty attic.

There is much more I must do. We will have singing and marching and skipping and the banging of wooden spoons on a tin lid. We will learn to chop wood, to survive in a wilderness, to do routine household tasks—boys and girls alike. I must prove that one thing of quality is worth dozens of shoddy imitations. I must teach them to deny that which may seem desirable, but which would bring unhappiness as its price.

Then, when my fledglings leave the nest to try their wings, I must not extract restrictive vows, but wish them Godspeed. If they return to lick wounds of failure, I must withhold the recriminating, "I told you so."

Finally, I must ever be mindful that this rearing is an equal sharing, as the begetting of these children was the sharing of a deep and gentle and fulfilling love.

God, give me strength. Give me wisdom and a lightness of spirit sufficient to this task.

Wafting across the years, come the sights, the sounds, and mouth-watering aromas of—

Our Wonderful Sunday Dinners

By HOMER CROY

Noted writer, humorist, and historian

WE BEGAN getting ready for Sunday dinner on Saturday. In a way, I kind of dreaded it, for there was all that extra work to do. But now and then I would creep into the pantry and take a look. There they were on the shelf—two cakes, one black, one white; one chocolate-covered, the other frosted. Nobody would dream of having any less than two cakes for Sunday dinner.

Just as I would think I was done for the day and would pick up *The Youth's Companion,* my mother would say, "Homer, go out and run down two chickens."

When each plucked chicken was in a crock, its legs folded, I knew *that* job was over.

But just as I would think I was going to get a little rest, my father would come in and say, "I guess we'd better wash the hack." It was heart-breaking.

We'd pull the thing out of the shed, put boards under the wheels so they wouldn't sink down and get muddy, then carry water from the horse tank. We'd scrape the first mud off with sticks, then begin washing with our sponges. Wash. Poke. Wash. Poke. "I think I'll get my neat's-foot," Pa would say and go to the barn and bring back the bottle of harness oil for the leather dashboard. Finally, there stood the hack, looking so nice I was almost glad I had helped.

Saturday night we sat up later than usual. But eventually Pa would say, "I expect we'd better call it a day," and would go out and pump up a drink of water. I would go to the cedar bucket in the kitchen, for I was terrified of the dark. Then I would feel ashamed and make myself go out to the well, like Pa'd done.

Sunday morning we'd be up earlier'n usual. It was going to be an exciting day. We'd milk and break corn for the cattle and curry the horses and, finally, come to breakfast. Not much of a breakfast, for that would be taken care of at dinner.

After breakfast, Pa would strop his razor and go to the mirror on the side porch. The mirror had been a cheap one; something was the matter with it so that it made a wavy, double reflection. He would put hot water in his shaving mug and begin to work up a lather with the brush; when everything was ready, he would put the mug on the backless chair on the porch and begin to shave, twisting his face from side to side.

For ordinary days we had a red checkered tablecloth, but not for today. Today we would get out our white damask cloth with flowers woven into it so fine you could hardly see them. And napkins. Nothing was too good for today. Ma and Phebe put it on, so there wouldn't be such a rush when we got back from church. Also they put on the little dishes—salt and pepper and jellies and our beautiful piccalilli dish. This was blue and showed two hands held together. Everybody admired it. The last thing to go on was our wire cover supporter. This was put in the middle of the table, then the cover cloth was put on top so the cloth wouldn't sag into the jams and jellies.

Dressing time came, everybody putting on his Sunday best. When we were all ready we would look at each other admiringly; we all looked nice. Phebe didn't go to church with us, because she was a Baptist.

"Homer, you're not going without

We'd pull the thing out of the shed, put boards under the wheels so they wouldn't sink down. . . . We'd scrape the mud off with sticks, then begin washing . . .

shining your shoes, are you?" my mother would say. "You, too, Amos."

I would go to the box on the porch and give my shoes a couple of whacks. Then my father would come and shine his thoroughly. Whatever he did, he did well. That was what made him such a good farmer and was why so many neighbors asked his advice on farming.

Pa and I would drive up in front of the house in the back and wait for my mother to come out. After a time she would arrive carrying her Bible and with her gold watch pinned on her chest. "There's always so many things to do at the last minute," she would say.

Pa never liked to wait, but he wouldn't be cross like some men. "Get in; I guess we'll get there in time."

Ma would put her foot on the step and pull herself up. Pa would take off the brake, cluck to the horses, and off we would jog.

It was exciting to come in sight of Methodist Wesley Chapel, a little white, wooden church, with the cornfields coming up on two sides. Pa could look at the teams at the hitch-rack and tell who was there.

The women would go in, but the men stayed outside to talk crops. We boys would stay outside, too, but when the choir would begin to sing, that was the sign for everybody to come in and in we would go. The preacher would be on the platform, looking out over the people to see who had come. A mud dauber came in and went sailing around over our heads. We followed him with our eyes, snickering a little to ourselves, but our fathers and mother never lifted their eyes. They paid attention to God's word.

I tried to keep my mind on the helpful lessons the preacher was pointing out, but it was hard work because I would get to thinking about that big Sunday dinner. At last it was over and we went out, the women standing in the aisles and talking, but us boys popping out as fast as we could. The best time of church was the talking and visiting and laughing outside before we started home.

"All right, Newt, I guess you know the way," Pa would say. That was

humor, because Newt Kennedy knew every foot of it; it was Pa's way of saying for Newt to come straight to our house.

Because today was special I would get to ride with Newt and his family. Newt wasn't the good farmer Pa was, but you could have lots of fun with him. He didn't have as good a team, either; sometimes he paired a horse and mule together to go to church. That was about as low as you could get. But everybody liked him, he was so jolly and laughed so much. Nobody ever spent a dull moment with Newt.

It wasn't long till we were in our drive lot in front of the house, and in Newt came. The women folks went in and we unhitched, watered the horses, put them in the barn, and fed them. Then we went out to see the hogs. Pa was a black-hog man, but Newt was Duroc, and each would stick up for his kind because no man is going to give in he hasn't got the best hogs, any more than he would give in he didn't have the best children.

As we got near the house we smelled the delicious food cooking and in the kitchen were the women all talking at once. "We'll go in and see what our short-order cooks have got ready," Pa said, because he could say things that made people laugh.

I took a peep in. The table looked wonderful and there were the two cakes towering above everything else, like mountains.

We didn't invite Newt to wash up because this wasn't necessary on Sunday. We men sat down on the edge of the porch to wait, with the food smells coming out of the kitchen. It was hard on us.

FINALLY Ma came to the screen door and said, "You might just as well come in," because she wanted to be humorous, too, on a wonderful day like this.

We men got up and went in and stood waiting for Ma to tell us where to sit. We'd threshed together and hayed together and eaten together dozens of times, but it was different today—everybody was stiff and formal and trying to put on his best manners. That was hard.

Ma told us where to sit, with her own seat closest the kitchen, and we slid into our chairs, stiff and tongue-tied, everybody watching everybody else. When the table got quiet, Pa bowed his head and thanked God for our food and blessings.

Then we could start. We'd eat slowly because we wanted to be polite, but sometimes we almost forgot, so good was the food, and we would begin to chomp as fast as we could. Pretty soon the dishes would come around for a second helping and we would hop on that.

We would begin to feel at ease and would talk more, not so much politeness, now. After a while the pies would come around and I would take a piece of each to see which I liked better. It was hard to tell.

"Susan, I see you've got a couple of cakes there," Pa'd say. "How about a sample?" We'd all laugh, because by now everybody felt so good almost anything made us laugh.

Ma took a knife and cut both cakes, and around went the stands that the cakes set on. All you had to do was to help yourself, but do it politely.

On the table were a few pickled peaches, some spiced crab apples, some watermelon preserves, some green tomato pickles, some pickled pears, and some piccalilli. We tapered off on these. Never again, as long as I lived, would I want anything to eat. That was the way I felt.

Newt turned to his wife and said, "Minnie, looks like we'll have to go home to get enough to finish the meal." We all laughed big and hearty.

Mrs. Kennedy would ask to help do the dishes, but ma would say no.

The women came into the sitting room and the men went out in the yard and sat under the water maple where we got sleepier and sleepier. Finally Newt leaned back in his chair against the water maple, locked his hands in front of him, and gave up completely. Pa, seeing his chance, closed his eyes. Finally I gave up and laid down on the ground to rest.

The women were inside talking as briskly as when they had first started.

"Homer, don't you want to see if there's any watermelons?" Pa said.

We'd half filled the cave the day before, but that was his way of saying it. I raced away like a deer—not sleepy at all now—and began bringing the melons up.

Pa looked to see if the stem was black, thumped the melon, put the point of his knife in, and ran it down the middle. And there it was, in two lovely halves. We began to eat, bending over so as not to drip, the ladies gripping their dresses between their knees.

I ATE and ate. I wouldn't want another bite for a week. As we ate, we threw the rinds in the old wash-boiler. I knew what that meant. More work. But that was all right; some things are worth the work.

At last we finished and sat down on the porch, the women in the chairs and the men on the edge, letting our feet rest on the ground, and visited.

"I expect we'd better hit the high places," said Newt. "I'm weaning some calves and that always makes a situation."

After the Kennedys left, I went to my room and changed clothes slowly. Then I carried the watermelon rinds out to the chicken yard and threw them over the fence. The chickens came running, flapping their wings, and tore into the pieces. I watched a while, then went sadly to the barn and threw down hay for the horses. Then I went after the cows and put them in the milk lot.

Phebe took the bags off the chimneys and lit the lamps. The house looked cheerful and we all felt good toward each other. It was nice to live on a farm, except for the work, and live a nice life.

We always ate in our dining room, but not for Sunday supper. That was in the kitchen, on the kitchen table covered with oilcloth. Here and there, on the oilcloth, were thin, fine marks where Ma had cut the bread. We all sat down at the table, pretty crowded but nice to get together and talk about the fine day we'd had. Pa told Ma some of the news Newt had told him, and Ma told him some of the news she had got from Mrs. Kennedy.

At last our wonderful Sunday and our wonderful Sunday dinner were over and we would have to go back to plain living. But next Sunday we would be invited to somebody's house. That would be nice. Everybody likes to be invited out to Sunday dinner.

As General Conference nears, our church faces one of the most important questions in its long history:

How Should Methodists Organize?

By FRED B. ZEPP

Managing Editor, TOGETHER

AMERICAN Methodists once more are facing up to an old problem: *How should we organize ourselves to get maximum effectiveness as a church?*

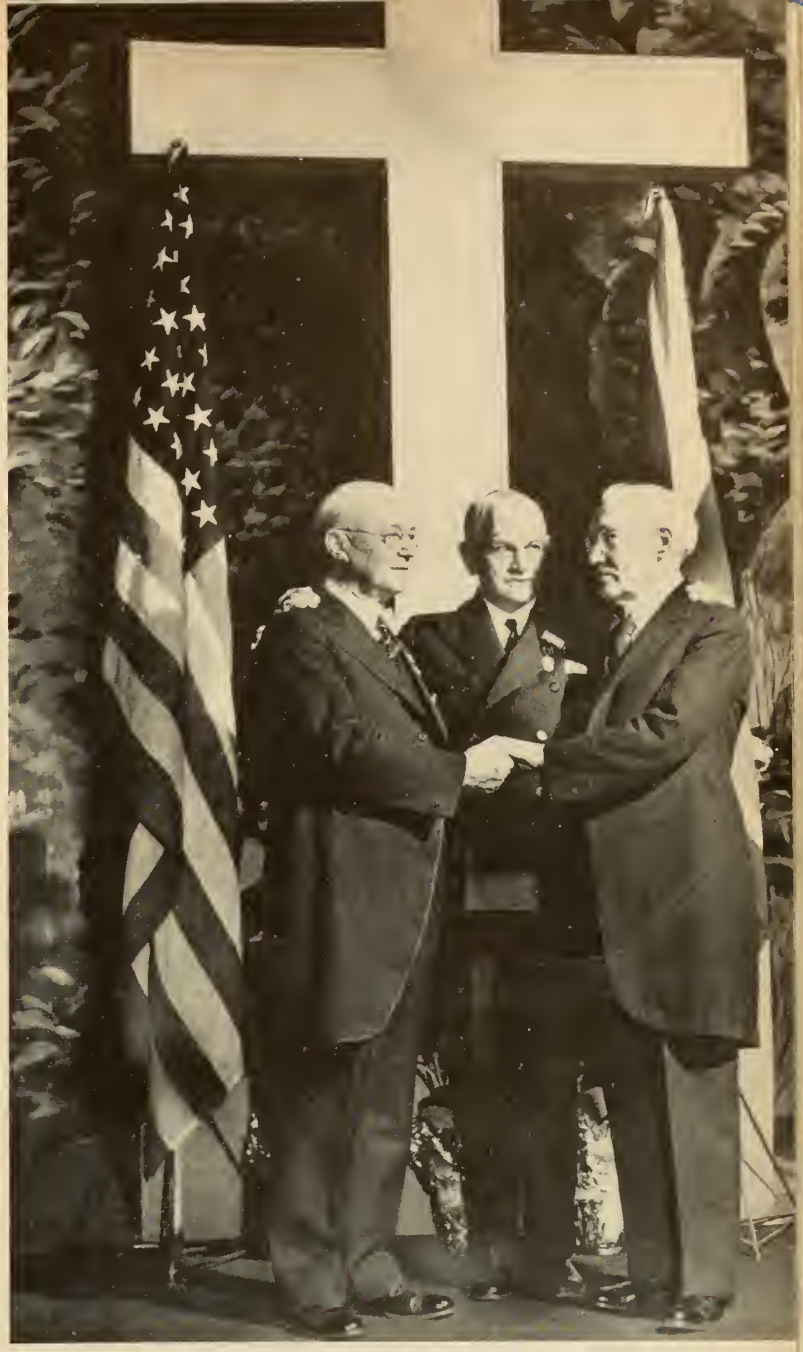
Twenty years ago this month this question came up sharply. That was when representatives of three major churches—Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, South, and Methodist Protestant—met at Kansas City to merge into The Methodist Church.

Today, we Methodists number almost 10 million, holding memberships in some 40,000 churches, and as we look ahead to the General Conference, April 27 to May 11, 1960, in Denver, we find ourselves face to face with the same perplexing question.

Let's strip it down to essentials. How to organize is a question men have always faced when their organizations become scattered geographically. Alexander faced it after he conquered the ancient world. The Romans had it. Today, organizations as diverse as the British Commonwealth, American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Roman Catholic Church—and Methodism—are confronted by it.

Of course, for us Methodists there are differences. We don't wield the coercive power of government; our association together is purely voluntary. And even though our officers—bishops, district superintendents, pastors, and others—are on salary, the profit motive is secondary. Most workers for our church are unpaid, bound together only by their common commitment to Christ's work.

Bear in mind, too, that in common with other Protestants our church is anchored by a firm belief in the dignity of man—the infinite worth of every human being in the sight of God. Man, not organization, is our focal point. However we organize, whatever changes we



Kansas City, 1939; history in the making! The Methodist Church, Protestantism's largest, is being formed. Reuniting are the Methodist Protestant Church, here represented by Bishop James Straughn, left; Methodist Episcopal, Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, center, and Methodist Episcopal, South, Bishop John Moore, right. Methodist Protestants, who favored limiting bishops' powers and admitting laymen to General and Annual Conferences, had broken off in 1830. In 1844 the slavery issue split off the Southern Methodists. The only one of the trio pictured above still living is the saintly Bishop Straughn.

make in our structure, we must keep one goal in mind: *to serve man and God better.*

On the other hand, when we deal with 10 million people there is always a temptation to take pride in the sheer weight of numbers. It is easy to lose sight of spiritual goals. By our very size, we cut across diverse cultures, traditions, income groups. All these must be welded together into one harmonious unit, compromising wherever it proves necessary, but nevertheless holding firm to our core beliefs.

Basic to any discussion of how we *should* organize is the question, how *are* we organized now? Essentially the answer is simply this: Much like our federal, state, or city government —but, as we noted, without any coercive power.

Our Methodist organization has three main branches: executive, legislative, and judicial, which function somewhat like the corresponding branches in the federal government. True, as in government, there is a bit of overlapping but, in general, duties are clearly divided. Here, starting with the executive branch of The Methodist Church, is how the setup stands today:

Bishops: We inherited our episcopacy from John Wesley's Church of England background. Right now, we have 37 bishops. "Bishop" derives from the Greek and Latin for "overseer," which aptly describes his work. [See *Methodism's Man on the Move,* January, 1958, page 28.] It is the bishop's job, among other things, to administer the laws of the church in his episcopal area as passed on to him by the General Conference. Bishops are elected for life at the Jurisdictional Conferences.

District Superintendents: Once known as presiding elders, these are the middlemen between the bishops and their people and pastors. [See *Methodism's Man at the Middle,* February, 1957, page 22.] To them, preachers turn for help with their problems. And it is through their district superintendents that bishops administer the affairs of their areas.

Among the district superintendent's many jobs: to set up new churches, conduct Quarterly Conferences, seek out new ministerial talent, listen to complaints—if any—by church members over their pastoral appointments.

Pastors: Most familiar of all the church's officials is the pastor, the bedrock on which the administrative structure is reared. His duties are manifold, perhaps best summed up by saying he is responsible for the spiritual well-being of his flock.

He preaches, he visits, he administers the Sacraments, he keeps his finger on his church's financial pulse, he oversees everything from Sunday-school classes to the Woman's Society of Christian Service.

Boards and agencies: These are the permanent organizations which carry out the continuing concerns of our church. Through these organizations the work of the denomination is given unity. Through them, mission money flows all over the world, publications are written and edited, church-related schools and colleges are looked after, the Methodist student groups at other institutions of higher learning are co-ordinated.

Now let's look at our judicial wing:

Judicial Council: This is Methodism's Supreme Court. *The Discipline* carefully lays down trial procedures, complete with appeals at all levels, for laymen and pastors against whom are brought charges bearing on their character or official acts. At the summit of the judicial ladder is the Judicial Council. Just as the U.S. Supreme Court rules on the constitutionality of laws, so our Judicial Council, among other duties, passes on the acts of the General Conference and, if requested, on the rulings of bishops at Annual Conferences. If it rules a General Conference enactment violates Methodism's constitution, that act is void.

Now that we have looked briefly at the executive and judicial officers, let's run down the list of major bodies having both legislative and administrative functions:

General Conference: This is Methodism's lawmaking body. It meets every four years. At the last session, in 1956, it increased its size to 800 to broaden the base of representation, even at the risk of becoming unwieldy itself. This was done to safeguard the participation of laymen in running the church.

Membership of the General Conference is composed in equal numbers of elected ministerial and lay delegates from each Annual Conference. Among other tasks, the Conference revises our *Discipline,* makes laws, rules on vital questions.

Annual Conferences: These stand at the heart of Methodism. Each Annual Conference is made up of every minister who is a member of that Conference, plus a lay member from each charge, chosen by that church. This is our basic administrative body. It has supervision over church affairs in a territory established by a Jurisdictional or Central (overseas) Conference. The Annual Conference decides on what ministers it will admit to membership (once in, they are members for life), elects delegates to the General and Jurisdictional Conferences, and keeps an eye on local-church affairs.

District Conferences: These are optional. If an Annual Conference orders them to be held in any district superintendent's district, they must be held; if it decides to omit them, they cannot be held. It is made up of all preachers serving in that district, plus delegates elected from each charge, and some district officials.

Here the district superintendent

How We Methodists Are Set Up Now

Since unification in 1939, Methodism in America has been organized in six Jurisdictions:

- **North Central**
- **Northeastern**
- **South Central**
- **Southeastern**
- **Western**
- **Central**

We have 100 Annual Conferences. A few are not shown on the map. Among them are Cuba, Puerto Rico Provisional, Hawaii Mission, and Alaska Mission.

Most of the 18 million Methodists around the globe are linked through the World Methodist Council.

has an excellent chance to check up on the work in his district as a whole. Here, too, visiting officials from the general church present special causes which they deem worthy of local support. The District Conference also has the final say on licensing preachers in its district.

Quarterly Conferences: These form the backbone of the local-church organization. It is the governing body of that church; to it belong all that church's officials and its pastor. Presiding: the district superintendent.

Here, under rules laid down in *The Discipline,* the district superintendent asks for reports—a uniform practice throughout the denomination. The Quarterly Conference sets up the church commissions, elects delegates to Annual and District Conferences, names stewards and trustees, sets the pastor's salary, handles key financial matters.

Jurisdictional Conferences: When we formed The Methodist Church, at the historic merger in 1939, it was decided to divide the church into Jurisdictions so it could be administered easily. Five of our six Jurisdictions are geographical: North Central, Northeastern, South Central, Southeastern, and Western. The sixth is the Central Jurisdiction, made up of Negro Annual Conferences over most of the U.S.

Jurisdictional Conferences, meeting after each General Conference, elect bishops and some members of most general boards and agencies. These Conferences also plan the church's work, within their boundaries, for the next four years. A Jurisdiction with 500,000 members is entitled to at least four bishops, with additional bishops as membership increases.

There, in summary, are the executive, judicial, and legislative keystones on which our church's organizational system is built. It's all been worked out through the years by patience, practice, and prayer. Attention now is focused sharply on one point: the Jurisdictional setup.

Reasons behind the establishment of the Jurisdictions were simple: some feared that the General Conference could become too important. Others sought an intermediate organization to interpret the General Conference's action in terms of each region's needs. Geography was important: Many felt that a huge church, reaching into every state and neighborhood, needed some sure-fire method of meshing its over-all aims with the local church's problems. In addition, traditional attitudes toward racial questions proved to be a complicating factor.

The geographical setup of our Jurisdictions (green lines) and Annual Conferences (black lines) shows clearly on this map. Alaska and Hawaii are in the Western Jurisdiction; Puerto Rico, Northeastern, and Cuba, Southeastern. The sixth Jurisdiction, the Central, embraces Negro congregations throughout most of the U.S.A.

What's being done about it? Ever since 1956, the Jurisdictional question has been under expert study. Actually, it was at the 1952 General Conference that our bishops urged careful study of the entire Jurisdictional structure. In 1956, a commission of 70 members was set up, representing all geographical regions—and it launched its work with a series of 24 hearings. Simultaneously, it started problem studies in depth, drawing on research agencies throughout the church. The Commission probed into the relationship of bishops to the General Conference; the programs and objectives of each Jurisdiction:

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

Play Against the Top

By ROY L. SMITH

JIM POOLE, a San Diego youth who won the 1958 national singles badminton championship, once was asked the secret of his success.

"There is no secret about it," the young man replied. "Badminton is a favorite sport in this area and we have a lot of champions living here. When I trained, I trained against the best."

There is great wisdom in the young man's words. To be a mediocre player or any other competitor, one need only contend with other mediocre players. But to be a champion, one must play against champions.

The principle is equally true in one's spiritual life. To live on a high level, one must be content with the necessity of struggling upward. To achieve greatness, one must be a great overcomer.

Paul set high store on the value of tribulation as a spiritual stimulus. On more than one occasion he commended its advantages to his converts, urging them to accept it with thanksgiving and use it to their own advantage.

An elderly clergyman of more than ordinary success was asked to give some good advice to a group of young ministers.

"Look for some hard field that is capable of teaching you the best lessons early in your career," he said. "I have always been thankful for the fact that my first congregation was one no one else wanted. Every one of those laymen wanted to teach me something—and many of them did."

A young Christian found himself working under a particularly difficult supervisor who was conceited and unreasonable. The young subordinate determined to "solve him," as he told his wife. "I am going to understand him and conquer him," he said, "and in the process I will make him pay me dividends in self-mastery."

And that is exactly what he did. Years later, when he had advanced to the top, he occasionally said, "It was the experience I had with that difficult boss that started me on my way up."

An Old Testament story makes a pertinent suggestion at this point. Jacob, wrestling with the stranger, declared he would not let him go until he had won a blessing from the contest.

Not all Christians pray to be excused from the difficult, the exacting, the painful, or the stern. A young businessman, pulsing with power, joined a big downtown church. A few days following his public reception into membership he said to his pastor, "Let me teach the toughest class of kids in Sunday school. I want to become a good teacher." He thought a tough assignment promised a greater reward in the way of training. And it did.

Had Jesus stopped even a little way short of the cross, he could never have inspired the Church to be the Church, he could never have qualified as the world's redeemer, he could never have escorted his followers through the martyrdoms that awaited them.

Every man who faces an extreme situation has cause for thanksgiving. God has assigned him to play against the top.

reports that the Jurisdictional system may be out of date; the strength of local-church ties with churches overseas, and the question of whether a separate, segregated Central Jurisdiction should be continued.

WHAT will this report show? That's the pivotal question. The report is due at least three months before the General Conference opens —and that would make its deadline January 27, 1960, at the latest. Whatever it shows, it's certain to be one of the hottest topics up before the General Conference.

That report is expected to have a bearing also on several other important issues to come before the General Conference.

Over everything hangs the still bigger question: Are we organized in the best possible manner? Many people warn that our era has become "the age of organization." We face, they say, a tidal wave of organization: organization, it almost seems, for organization's sake.

The path for us is a narrow one. We have to find the best possible way to organize, keeping our eye on the problems of the time while avoiding a too-cumbersome bureaucracy.

We must keep in mind that Methodism is a large church and its membership is increasing. If the organizational mood prevails, Methodism, some are saying, may become the slave of statistics. That trend would insist on words instead of deeds, high-sounding ethical phrases in the midst of mediocre ethical conduct. It would defer until "God's good time" the decisions we ought to make now. Such a trend would take the church away from the daily needs of its members and give it to mind and organizational controllers. This would be a denial of the best tradition of Methodism and of the best interests of its members.

RIGHT now, a hard look is being taken at the kind of church ours is going to become. The final decision will be in the hands of that traditional arbiter of all our issues, John Q. Methodist. It's up to him to make his voice heard, through the representatives he sends to the next General Conference.

WHAT I SAW IN CUBA

By ROY H. SHORT
Bishop, Nashville Area

AS TOLD TO JAMES W. CARTY, JR.
Religious News Editor, The Nashville Tennessean

AFTER the untimely death of Bishop John Branscomb last winter, I was returned temporarily to supervision of the Cuba Conference of The Methodist Church where I had served from 1948 to 1952. One of my first acts was to return to Cuba to view firsthand the work of our church on the strife-torn island Columbus described as "the most lovely human eyes had ever seen."

My emotions were mixed the day my plane landed at Havana. The flames of revolt which wiped out the Batista regime had left behind a smoldering trail of death, misery, and destruction among a people I had learned to love 10 years before. What had happened, I wondered, to our evangelistic program in the years of turmoil before Fidel Castro's bearded rebels fought their way out of the hills? What would be the future of Methodism in Cuba after the victorious Castro became prime minister?

To reach a realistic appraisal of conditions, I called together the superintendents of the six Cuban districts and met later with a field committee of some 30 missionaries and nationals, both lay and clerical, from all parts of the island. All were able to reach Havana, despite hazardous travel complicated by bombed-out bridges and wrecked communication lines. One superintendent, the Rev. Carl Stewart of Holguín, required three days—sometimes afoot—to make a trip he ordinarily could have made in seven hours. We met at the Methodist student center and hostel near the University of Havana—a school closed by Batista.

The Cuban people, I was told, are jubilant about their newly won freedoms. For seven years they lived under the shadow of a great fear. Many dreaded to go out on the streets, to talk freely, to express their thoughts, or describe simple news events in letters.

These things were reported to me most emphatically by one of our finest missionaries, the Rev. Victor L. Rankin, district superintendent and pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Church at Camagüey, a young man I brought to Cuba in 1951. Mr. Rankin, along with many other church leaders, had watched with growing apprehension and horror as the blood bath of revolt, torture, murder, and other reprisals spread across the countryside.

The 26th of July movement, started by Castro in 1953, was almost six years reaching its goal. In the meantime, Castro once fled to Mexico, only to invade the coast of Cuba late in 1956. Nearly half his men were killed, but several escaped into the mountains, where development of a rebel movement began.

"The youth of Cuba became a target as the government sought to exterminate the underground movement," Rankin said. "Students and teen-agers were under suspicion by the secret police, who carried on investigations with torture and the most refined forms of cruelty. For young people who were picked up, beatings were the rule."

With Batista finally overthrown, Methodist leaders immediately began an intensified campaign to "win Cuba for Christ." They realize, as most Americans do not, that the majority of Cuba's 6.5 million population is unchurched—and that, contrary to popular opinion, active Cuban Catholics do not outnumber Protestants.

As I talked with American businessmen, missionaries, and nationals, I became convinced that Methodism has an unprecedented opportunity to spread the Gospel in this strategic land. Our Cuban church is more widespread than that of any other evangelical group, is in almost every major city, in practically every rural section. Until recently, The Methodist Church—which started its work here in 1899—was the only church concentrating on all sections of the island. [See *Crusade to Cuba,* May, 1958, page 75.] Even Roman Catholic influence has been limited largely to the cities.

Much credit for recent progress

At Havana airport, Bishop Short (hat in hand) is greeted by the district superintendents of Cuba.

From left: Victor L. Rankin, Flor Reyna, Carl Stewart, Angel Fuster, and Ornán Iglesias. On horseback at right is Emilio González, minister-circuit rider in Cuba's Oriente District.

should go to Bishop Branscomb, who gave his life to the cause. In the last 10 years, membership in The Methodist Church has almost tripled. We now have 9,310 members—and a constituency two or three times that. There are 82 pastoral charges. We have 20 schools with 4,690 students. In addition, there are a number of small schools operated by local churches.

I learned, however, that although many new church buildings have been constructed, especially in rural areas, much more needs to be done. Our responsibility, as a new day is promised, is to provide even more churches.

We have the added task of alleviating the suffering of countless war victims. We must help bring about improved methods of agriculture. Many Cubans work only about four months a year in the sugar fields. Wages are low and work is of short duration, so the people must learn to supplement their incomes in leisure months. To accomplish this, our agricultural missionaries are working with the Cubans to introduce good farming practices, the growing of vegetable gardens, and the raising of chickens.

The Methodist Church feels an urgent responsibility to raise the level of education in this revolt-torn land. Candler College, our school in Havana, today has approximately 1,000 boys in its elementary and high-school grades.

Buenavista College, a school for girls, has an enrollment of 683. The recently proposed Candler University, first described to the Council of Bishops at Miami, would be the first university of our church in Latin America. Already Candler College is recognized as one of the best schools in Cuba; Candler University would further carry out the program of training young Christian leaders.

At Matanzas, Union Seminary (also called Evangelical Theological Seminary) is the co-operative effort of three Protestant denominations. More and more nationals are being trained here for leadership.

Despite heavy fighting in many areas, only two of our churches were damaged slightly. But the revolt didn't leave Methodists untouched. Many homes were damaged, especially on the eastern end of the island. But the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief is helping.

"Almost to the man, evangelical Christians are anti-Batista in their sympathies," Mr. Rankin told me, adding that many Catholics felt the same way. Methodists and other evangelical laymen were among Castro's troops. And not all escaped death or torture.

Cándido Lucena, Methodist pastor at Niquero in Oriente province, was forced to flee after aiding the family of a government official who had joined the rebels. Mario Fernández, Methodist pastor at Punta Brava near Havana, was severely beaten and tortured for participating in activities that did not support the Batista government. Ira Sherman, a Methodist missionary pastor, helped an anti-Batista colleague escape to the U.S. naval base at Guantánamo Bay, then had to remain there to insure his own safety. Many of our people were under continuous surveillance by Batista's men.

Church leaders told me that Castro, a Catholic, has been gracious to the evangelical Christians. He has announced that he will appoint chaplains in the Cuban Army, a new departure. He named a committee of two Catholics and two Protestants to discuss the morals of the people.

While far from condoning the wave of executions that followed the rebel victory, many Methodists joined in urging the American public to withhold undue criticism of the new Cuban government. Three faculty members from Union Theological Seminary wired President Eisenhower and other government officials that "American silence on countless crimes of the Batista government makes present criticisms of executions offensive and dangerous to Cuban-American relations."

Angel Fuster, our pastor at Santa Clara, who saw some fighting firsthand, said prisoners and the wounded were well treated in rebel camps. Many rebel soldiers volunteered to serve without pay.

"Castro gave strict orders to the rebels against drinking," I was informed. "He stopped the sale of alcohol when he freed a town. Castro was very strict in his orders about the treatment of women. Soldiers guilty of such misconduct were to be executed." And in Sierra Maestra, Castro's stronghold, his men are

credited with starting 433 schools.

"The Protestant church, from the first, was favorably inclined toward the revolution," one leader reported. "Now that a new era has dawned, the evangelical churches in Cuba have an unequalled opportunity."

No longer is there the press censorship described by Dr. Miguel Soto, editor of *El Evangelista Cubano,* a Methodist monthly publication. In a new atmosphere of freedom and liberty, people have resumed their custom of attending worship services at night. Before Castro, they said, they had dreaded going out at night for fear of being shot or imprisoned.

"On one Christmas Eve in Holguín, 20 men were hanged in various parts of the city," Mr. Rankin said. "The bodies were hanging there on Christmas Day." On the Sunday before last Christmas, a man was found executed a block from the San Pablo Methodist Church in Camagüey. The bodies of three other men, all unidentified civilians, were found a block away in another direction. They were believed killed for helping rebels.

Most churchmen in Cuba regret the executions carried out by Castro, but believe them the lesser of two evils. "If there had not been trials, there might have been mob law with many innocent persons as victims," Mr. Fuster said.

Hope ran high during my brief visit in Cuba. There was optimism that, finally, Castro and his bearded revolutionaries would be the ones to bring true democracy to the country. Much depends, of course, on the moral fiber and abilities of the leaders; more depends on the Cuban people.

Will they be able to use wisely the liberties promised them? In this particular, the Church has a major role to play. A Christian Cuba—an educated and prosperous Cuba—will hasten and make permanent the long-awaited day.

While Cuba rejoices over the prospect of freedom at last, church leaders know there is much more to be done. All the country's problems have not been solved by the overthrowing of another dictator.

Razziel Vázquez, pastor of Santiago's Methodist Church, summed it up when he said:

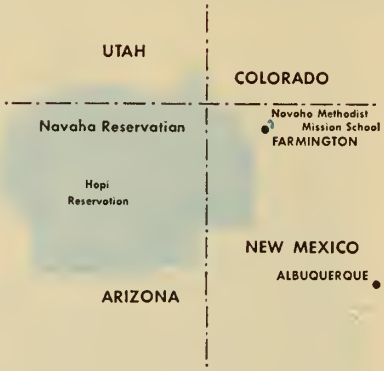
"Only Christ can save Cuba ultimately."

Picturesque Methodist church in Mayarí forms a peaceful backstop for its young pastor, the Rev. Morrell Robinson, his wife, and son. Most churches escaped heavy damage in the revolution.

An ancient skill—but that bow and arrow are only decorations in the Stokelys' modern ranch home.

People Called Methodists: *No. 3 in a series*

Navaho Teaches Navaho



PETER STOKELY, a tall, wiry man, travels scores of difficult miles each week over the sand, rocks, and hills of the Navaho Reservation near Shiprock, N.Mex. Why? Because he is a home-visitation teacher who does his job with gentle firmness and Christian understanding—just as does his wife, Eve, a first-grade teacher in the same public school. Eve, with laughing eyes and tender solicitude for her bright little Navaho pupils, talks to them in English, but can speak native Navaho when language problems arise.

Peter and Eve are two of 30 Navahos among the 400 dedicated teachers now bringing knowledge to 27,000 children of the largest and fastest-growing Indian tribe in the U.S. Their aim: to help the Navaho people emerge from illiteracy after nearly a century of stubborn resistance.

When Navaho war parties ranged against both white and Indian neighbors 90-odd years ago, the government sent frontiersman Kit Carson and 700 soldiers to subdue and capture 9,000 tribesmen. Freed after four years, the Navahos returned to their homes in wilderness areas of Arizona, Utah, and New Mexico. But most scorned U.S. offers of education until 1952, when the large-scale school program, of which the Stokelys are a part, began to roll.

The husband-wife team of Peter and Eve may be unique among the 10 million people called Methodists. Both were educated at the Methodist

After classes, this husband-wife team concentrates on the new vegetable garden. House was built by the local school district.

MAY. 1959
NEW YORK Area *NEWS* Edition
Together

Bishop Newell Receives Key to San Juan

Bishop Newell (left) with speakers at the Puerto Rican Conference in San Juan. Left to right: District Superintendent Tomas Rico Soltero, Mayoress Dona Felisa, and Dr. W. Vernon Middleton, general secretary of the Division of National Missions.

One of the highlights of Bishop Newell's trip to Puerto Rico when he helped Bishop Corson conduct the annual conference in San Juan, was the receipt of the key to the city from the Honorable Dona Felisa Rincón de Gautier, mayoress.

She addressed the opening session of the conference in English and later entertained the two bishops and 25 district superintendents, ministers and their wives at a luncheon at City Hall.

The Rev. Dr. W. Vernon Middleton, general secretary of the Division of National Missions, was also presented a key to the city, and Bishop Corson was made an adopted son.

Church-State Parley Set

Religion and Public Education will be discussed April 16-18 at the second assembly of the church-state consultation being sponsored in the New York East Conference by the General Board of Social and Economic Relations. The assembly will be held in Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

The following papers will be studied: *How Can Christianity Be Taught?* by Professor Ross Snyder of the University of Chicago; *Community Conflicts and Reconciliation,* by Rabbi Arthur Gilbert: *State and National Laws and Practices Involving Religion and Public Education,* by Theron A. Johnson of the New York State Department of Education; *The Place of Religion in General Education,* with the Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant positions represented respectively by Philip Jacobson, Neil G. McCluskey, and Gerald E. Knoff; and *Will Public Schools Survive?* by R. Lanier Hunt of the National Council of Churches.

Information about registration may be obtained from the Rev. Dean M. Kelley, 3757 White Plains Ave., New York 67, N. Y.

Home Seeks Funds

Among the needs for which funds are being raised at the Methodist Church Home, West Haven, Conn., is an intercom system which will help the administration office operate smoothly.

New Haven District churches have contributed $353 toward the cost, and residents of the home are seeking help from interested friends.

The Rev. Charles H. Boyles

Troy Youth to Hear Boyles

The Rev. Charles H. Boyles, project secretary for the National Conference of Methodist Youth, and editor of *Concern,* will be resource leader April 24-25, at the Troy Conference Convocation of Methodist Youth at Hedding Church, Barre, Vt. The theme will be "Dare We Live as Christians in Our Community?"

Mr. Boyles is the co-operating member of the youth department staff of the Division of the Local Church and the Department of College and University Religious Life of the Division of Educational Institutions.

The Rev. Leonard H. Bass of Glen Falls, N. Y., conference director of Youth Work, is in charge of registrations.

3,000 at Mission Festival

More than 3,000 Brooklyn and Long Island Methodists thronged the facilities of Grace Church, Valley Stream, for the annual Missions Festival in which the Brooklyn North and South Districts participated. A similar festival for residents of the eastern end of Long Island drew a large crowd the preceding week at Riverhead.

Identical church services were held at 4 and 7 p.m. with the Rev. Dr. Frank Laubach as the first speaker and the Rev. Tracey K. Jones, Jr., as speaker at the second service.

Meanwhile, every room in the church was in use. Displays of treasures from foreign countries were exhibited. Missionaries in native costume presided in "conversation corners."

The program also included all kinds of films, filmstrips, and other visual aids. A demonstration of a school of missions was included.

Two interesting statistics: A nearby municipal parking lot with space for 700 cars was filled early in the afternoon with other cars and buses clogging the streets. Two thousand cartons of milk were served in the dining room with a long line waiting.

Countries represented by exhibits and personnel were Japan, Borneo, Sarawak, China, Sumatra, India, Burma, Korea, the Philippines, Africa, Poland, Italy, Bolivia, Mexico, Cuba, Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. Thirty churches prepared booths.

The Rev. Dr. Wesley D. Osborne is conference secretary of missions; and the Rev. Lewis H. Davis and the Rev. James C. Watson are secretaries for the districts. The Rev. Paul L. Sartorio was host pastor.

Only the beginning of a $100,000 improvement program at Centenary Church, Metuchen, N. J., is the burning of this $25,000 mortgage by (from left) Treasurer Joseph T. Angell, Trustee Chairman Arthur A. Turner, Building Committee Chairman Jay Shupe, Jr., and the Rev. Norman McL. Twiddy. Six and a half acres have been acquired near the present building for a new sanctuary and school.

That smoke on the horizon is from several mortgages ignited in the area. In East Norwich, N. Y., $6,500 on the parish house was retired with the aid of (from left) lay leader, Byron Brown; building chairman, Henry Carpenter; treasurer, Richard Downing, the Rev. Harold Babb, and church-school Supt. Charles Sammis.

Bethany Notes

• Help toward the $750,000 fund campaign at Bethany Deaconess Hospital, 237 St. Nicholas Ave., Brooklyn, is forthcoming from the Women's Auxiliary which is planning a series of fund-raising events. The group of 100 volunteers recently provided a new kitchen.

• The Rev. Richard L. Francis of Flushing is general campaign chairman.

• Bishop Newell is honorary chairman of the campaign. Also named to honorary chairmanships are the Rev. Dr. Henry Whyman, superintendent of the Brooklyn North District, and the Rev. Kenneth B. Grady, Brooklyn South District superintendent.

• Sister Ida Gerber was awarded a plaque at the annual meeting of the Board of Hospitals and Homes for 60 years of service to the hospital.

• Madeleine Muhlenbrook has been reelected president of the Club of Nurses.

• Forty-four volunteers whose service last year totaled more than 3,025 working hours were awarded mustard seed charm bracelets.

New Wing Dedicated at Brooklyn Hospital

The responsibility of The Methodist Church to minister to these in need of medical care was stressed by secretary Arthur S. Flemming at the dedication of the Stanley H. Miner Pavilion at the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn.

Several hundred persons thronged the service, overflowing the Phillips Memorial Chapel into the corridors as Bishop Newell dedicated the building. Methodists in the area have contributed about $2,000,000 in addition to the $3,000,000 bequeathed by the Miners.

Other New Horizons

• Bishop Newell presided at the laying of the cornerstone for the Fairfield-Grace Church, Fairfield, Conn., and consecrated a new sanctuary at Wethersfield, Conn.

• Grace Church, North Plainfield, N. J., is planning a two-story education building.

• North Creek, N. Y., has completed a new $25,000 parsonage.

• Ground has been broken at Warrensburg, N. Y., for a $50,000 educational unit.

• A new basement, constructed at a cost of $35,000 has been consecrated at Cokesbury Church, Lebanon, N. J. It has been named "Wesbury Room."

• Major renovations at the East New York, N. J., Church include rewiring, new fixtures, construction of a divided chancel with four-foot hanging cross, installation of new Allen organ at a total cost of $7,000. Exterior improvements cost an additional $3,000 toward which Newark Conference trustees provided $2,500. The Rev. Eugene Lowry, pastor, reports that the 109 members doubled the budget last year.

Centenary Shifts Staff

Dr. Ernest R. Dalton, director of public relations at Centenary College and a member of the staff since 1947, has been named assistant to the president. He holds a doctor of education degree from Harvard University and has had extensive experience as a teacher and administrator.

He will be succeeded in the public relations post by Stefan George, director of Centenary's radio station WNTI. He was formerly program director at Station WGPA in Bethlehem, Pa.

The changes will become effective September 1.

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THE BISHOP WRITES

Testament of Devotion

The bishop was reminded recently of how dependent any great area of the church is upon the consecrated laymen and laywomen who arise from time to time to make substantial gifts to the work of the church. How blessed the New York Area has been in this respect! One's mind is flooded with memory of those great and devoted churchmen who, through the ages, have donated so generously: John S. Huyler, Samuel W. Bowne, John B. Cornell, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley H. Miner, William J. Stitt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pfeiffer, and many others.

I was thinking of this the other day driving through the state of Vermont surrounded by snowdrifts and skidding about on perilous roads when the district superintendent asked me if I would stop and call on an elderly member of one of the churches of the Troy Conference who had been most generous in its support. So we stopped for a few moments and conversed with this gentle layman, now in his middle nineties, and learned firsthand of his devotion to his Lord, and his generosity to the church.

As I am writing this I am mindful of the fact that since the first of the year the area has lost Mr. Ellis L. Phillips, whose generosity to universities and hospitals and churches during the past years has been so marked. Two churches in New York City especially stand out as memorials of his generosity. Ohio University, Drew University, and Cornell have new landmarks of his affection. And the other day I was privileged to help dedicate the new Miner Memorial wing of the Methodist Hospital in Brooklyn and there in the center was the beautiful chapel given by Mr. and Mrs. Phillips. How meaningful it is that this man of scientific mind and spiritual depth should have seen the significance of having the chapel of our Lord at the center of this institution of healing!

Perhaps it is not unfitting to suggest that the church is still dependent upon those who, in coming years and generations, will by their beneficence continue to build the strength of the church of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Trinity Church, New Britain, Conn., dedicates new altar in memory of Burton A. White. From left are Pastor Wilfred Hansen, Trustee Board Vice-President Harry Hancock, and the Rev. Arthur T. Tedcastle, superintendent of the New Haven District.

Help for Vivian

Efforts of members of Browne Memorial and Bethany Parish Methodist in Jersey City to raise funds to aid a seven-year-old heart victim have spread to all the Methodist churches in Hudson County.

Vivian Denlinger must undergo delicate heart surgery at the Minnesota University Hospital in Minneapolis and the total cost is estimated at more than $5,000.

The response has been termed "heart-warming." The campaign has received the support of local service clubs, the newspapers and Mrs. Eisenhower has sent her best wishes and prayers. Listeners to ABC's Happiness Exchange Program contributed $1,500.

To Honor WSCS Members

Newark Conference Woman's Society members will honor recipients of life memberships April 27, at 2 p.m. at the annual spring tea at Community Church, Roselle Park.

Mrs. J. Fount Tillman, president of the Woman's Division, will be the speaker, and an offering will be taken for the Crusade Scholarship Fund.

The Rev. Alex Porteus

Heads Dual Boards

The Rev. Alex Porteus, formerly of Pittsfield, Ill., has been named executive secretary of the Boards of Education and Missions of the New York Conference. He succeeds the Rev. Howard McGrath.

Mr. Porteus was pastor of the East Bridgewater, Mass., church in the New England Southern Conference from 1944-1948.

To Illinois in 1949

In 1949 he joined the Illinois Conference and served as associate pastor of First Church, Springfield, until 1952. From 1953-1955 he was pastor of the Marshall, Ill., Methodist Church and went to Pittsfield in 1956.

Mr. Porteus was born in Maxville, Fla., and was educated at DePauw University, Butler University, and Boston University School of Theology. He has had extensive experience in the field of religious education.

He is married to the former Esther Lee Fain and they have a son, 10, and daughter, 9.

New Faces in New Places

TROY CONFERENCE

The Rev. B. J. Tyler to supply Barton; David Hubbard, layman, supplying Johnsbury, Wevertown, Riverdale and Thurman; the Rev. Charles Saum to Broadalbin; the Rev. Roland R. Northrup to Galway and Northhampton; and the Rev. Richard Wallave to Milton.

NEWARK CONFERENCE

The Rev. Elmer W. Wilkins to Basking Ridge; the Rev. Joseph Helle, Jr., to Fort Lee.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE

The Rev. Lester Finley to Stone Hill Charge, Stone Hill, Kripple Bush and Accord.

The Circuit Writer

Chester A. Smith of Peekskill, who has earned a nationwide reputation as the New York Area's most vocal layman, was the subject recently of extensive feature articles in the New York papers upon completion of a law course at the age of 74. Mr. Smith plans to practice law to earn money toward the payment of a $43,000 debt owed by a girls' school upon whose board of governors he once served.

A good newspaper editor has a long memory for vivid words as was evidenced in an editorial in the *Schenectady Union Star* which noted that the president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce sees the "cold war" with Russia shifting from a military threat to an economic threat. The editor recalls that the Rev. Dr. J. Edward Carothers said the same thing several months ago upon his return from the Soviet Union.

Like the Northwest Mounties, we usually get our mail—if we wait long enough. In the archives of the Rev. Barton Bovee of Norwalk, Conn., is a postal card delivered 41 years after it was mailed! The card is from Funk and Wagnalls acknowledging receipt of a magazine subscription and is addressed to the Rev. W. W. Bowdish, one of Mr. Bovee's early predecessors at the district parsonage in New Haven. It is truly a "penny" postal card and bears President McKinley's stamp printed in black.

The Rev. Dr. Harold Roy Brennan of Rockville Centre, N. Y., conducted a preaching mission at Bolling Air Force Base, Washington, D. C.

When the Rev. R. Wesley Smith of South Bound Brook, N. J., preached on race relations Sunday at the AME Zion Church, he mentioned the offering being taken in his church for the education of colored young people. The AME congregation gave him $8 to add to the fund.

Charles C. Parlin, prominent Newark Conference layman, has been named outstanding citizen of Englewood, N. J., and was honored at a civic program at the Jewish Community Center.

Recent guests at St. Mark's Church, Manhattan, were members of the Philander Smith Collegiate Choir of Little Rock, Ark., who presented a concert for the benefit of the youth work of the church.

We the People, Can Win the Peace, was the title of a talk by Dr. Frank C. Laubach at Bay Ridge Church, Brooklyn, at a service also sponsored by Elim, Sunset Park, and Fourth Avenue Churches.

Evidence of the active Spanish-speaking ministry conducted by Lafayette Church, Jersey City, is the Sunday bulletin which is printed in English and Spanish. The Rev. Paul N. Jewett, pastor, has made 15 addresses this winter to neighboring groups and congregations describing the work of the inner-city mission and encouraging support.

Methodists in North Creek, N. Y., started Lent with a 12-hour, "Prayers for Peace" vigil. The Rev. Irving R. Ball reports that the small rural community produced sufficient volunteers to conduct 48 continuous 15-minute periods of prayer.

Miss Rose Wells, a member of the Stratford (Conn.) Church, has left for the Casa Materna Orphanage in Naples to direct public relations activities.

The choir at St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, is proud of a celebrity in its tenor section: David Starkey of the Pat Boone television quartet.

One hundredth anniversary: Janes Church, Brooklyn, with Bishop Newell preaching the Palm Sunday sermon.

Thanks to a speakerphone installed at the altar of First Church, Buckhannon, W. Va., Mrs. Edgar N. Beers was able to hear her daughter's wedding ceremony over a loud speaker installed in her bedroom where she was confined recuperating from an operation. She also conversed with the newly-weds. The bride's father, the pastor of the Ridgefield (Conn.) Church, performed the ceremony.

New vice-president of the Temperance League of New Jersey is the Rev. James Dewart, pastor of Grace Church, North Plainfield. He is chairman of the Newark Conference Board of Temperance.

If you were watching WABC-TV at 3 p.m. Easter afternoon, you saw the 95-voice Junior Choir of the Mamaroneck, (N. Y.) Church, directed by your supplement editor. Sorry we didn't know about it when the last issue went to press.

Washington Street and Hedding Churches in Poughkeepsie have merged and are using the combined names. The Rev. J. H. Rainer is pastor and the Rev. William H. Austin, assistant.

WSCS to Hear Payne

"A Christian Home—Fact or Fantasy?" will be the subject of an address April 28, by the Rev. Robert J. Payne, pastor of Chester Hill Church, Mount Vernon, at the spring meeting of the New York East Conference Woman's Society at St. James Church, Lynbrook, N. Y.

New officers will be installed by the Rev. Harold C. Jones, host pastor.

Schenectady Gazette Photo

An anniversary banquet featured the burning of the mortgage on the Eastern Parkway Church, Schenectady, N. Y. From left are the Revs. Frank J. Reid, Walter J. Whitney, and Elmer N. Haley, former pastors; Lewis J. Male, banquet chairman; and the Rev. William A. Perry, present pastor. The edifice was dedicated by Bishop Newell assisted by District Superintendent C. W. Kessler.

To Preach at Ocean Grove

Four area speakers will be among clergymen from 12 states who will participate in the summer program at Ocean Grove, N. J. The Camp Meeting Association celebrates its 90th anniversary this year.

On the preaching agenda will be Bishop Newell; the Rev. Ralph W. Sockman of Christ Church, New York City; the Rev. Dr. John Alexander McElroy, newly appointed to Calvary Church, East Orange, N. J.; and Kinsey Merritt, president of the association.

Services in the 8,000-capacity auditorium will begin June 14 and conclude on September 13.

No blonds here! They're all black-haired Navaho children, straight out of hogans. Mrs. Stokely uses English except when a child needs personal attention.

Project: Make a Humpty Dumpty. Materials: Paper and plaster of Paris. For the young pupils: Fascination—and education.

Pete Stokely checks arriving students: Della, Joanne . . . But where's Ernest? He must go find him.

Mission School, Farmington, N. Mex., and at Arizona State College, Flagstaff, Ariz. Married four years, they recently adopted a Navaho baby.

In their neat home adjoining the school, the Stokelys set an example for hundreds who still live in earth-covered hogans on the reservation. More important, their lives of Christian dedication are a daily witness for all to see. For education is not the only aim of this young Navaho couple, says their pastor, the Rev. Robert W. Brooks of Shiprock's First Methodist Church. They have their hopes pinned to a beckoning goal: "That their own people—the Navahos—become a Christian race."

Found alone inside his parents' hogan, Ernest has a familiar excuse: He missed the bus. Next stop now: School.

Stokely sees to it that Ernest reaches his room. Navaho children are fast learners.

Gently, Mrs. Stokely urges Ernest to reach bus stop earlier—and, since then, he has.

No wonder the Stokelys smile so happily. They're doing a vital job—and doing it well!

On all the earth, there is no love like hers.

Every Day Is Mother's Day

By HENRY J. TAYLOR
U.S. Ambassador to Switzerland

YOU AND I should study again and again, with awe and reverence, the sad, lonely, misunderstood life of the Savior, the apostle of the family.

He had no home, and for companions only a few humble fishermen. Yet it was this childless, homeless man who always used his wonderful power to emphasize the importance of family ties, family progress.

For the family is, in the nature of things, the origin of life and the root of human values. As it goes, good or bad, so goes the tempo of the nation. So goes life itself for you and me.

But first let's realize, as in the cutting of the diamond, that great new benefits can come to a family from the trials that beset it and the blows that have struck it.

The rough diamond suffers under the blow of the stonecutter. But the artisan says, as he strikes another blow: "There is the making of a better thing in you."

"Every blow pierces my heart," says the diamond.

"Yes," replies the artisan. "But after a little while you will find that each blow has given you more value. What you do not know now about your better state, you will know later. What you lack now you will have later."

Families can mature like individuals mature. Relationships within the family circle can change to different levels without the family's solidarity being weakened. New feelings of responsibility, new mutual interests, new tolerances can hold the group together as firmly as—and, like the diamond, even better than—the earlier, less mature relationships that existed.

Don't make any mistake about who loves you in this world. You can turn to your family when you can turn no place else.

Never fail to honor your father and your mother no matter how old you are—and honor your mother above all.

What we learn and receive from good fathers is important, but what we receive from mothers is sublime.

For every man in a thousand whom you or I may know who will risk his life for a cause, there are a thousand mothers in a thousand who will risk their lives for their children, and have done so.

Remember, from the first sight of you, your mother was entirely devoted. She was entirely hopeful, entirely confident that no future would be too great for you to deserve.

On a hot night, in the dusty streets of a dirty city, look and you will see thousands of women sitting in doorways, or on fire escapes, taking care of children.

In lonesome farmhouses, spotted far out on monotonous plains, under the low sun setting on a long, hard day, you find women, cheerful and dauntless, taking care of children.

In the middle of any night, in dingy huts or big houses, while men sleep, you will find women awake, taking care of children.

A mother's love is unselfish. It has no limit this side of the grave. Her moral leadership is your moral leadership and the moral leadership of our entire nation.

When things are tough for any family, they are toughest of all for a mother.

Of all events on earth, the greatest is the birth of a baby, the root of human life, the child of the mother.

Great battles are fought and won and lost. Nations rise and fall. Great cities flourish today; and tomorrow the sand lies heavy over them. Of all these events, the eternal Niagara of new babies is the first essential foundation.

The mother rests, weak and white, on the bed. Her forehead and all her body are wet with agony. But she thinks no longer of that. She has heard her baby's first cry. Whether it be her first baby or her fifth, the feeling is the same.

That hand which supports the head of the newborn baby, the mother's hand, supports the civilization of this country.

Mothers give us an astoundingly wonderful start upward. For any deterioration, for any rolling downhill as we grow older, we have ourselves to blame.

As for the men who are the best among us, they themselves can thank their mothers mostly for the result. "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother," Abraham Lincoln said a hundred times.

If we are men, especially if we are young, think a moment about how many women may deserve more of our pity than we ourselves deserve.

Come out of an office building at one or two o'clock in the morning. You will see a woman standing by the elevator door. Many hours, while others are sleeping, she works on her

That hand which supports the head of the newborn baby, the mother's hand, supports the civilization of this country.

knees—scrubbing, cleaning floors.

She sleeps just as few hours as she can, and works through the day taking care of her family, without pay, waiting for the time when everything must be in order at home so that she can go to work again. Yet she stands there in all cheerfulness by the elevator and says: "Good night."

Is not that black dress just as truly the uniform of a brave soldier as any uniform in the world? That woman has borne children. She has worried over sickbeds, put children in their graves, worked for a family and for a husband. She put the husband in his grave, giving her pitiful savings in the effort to express loyalty through the undertaker.

How poorly most mothers' services to us all are repaid by us men and by society as a whole. Sometimes a boy or girl may self-elevate himself or herself into being an intellectual flagpole sitter, showing even such a sad independence and aloofness as to refuse to listen to an anxious mother.

"Ma means well," you sometimes hear said, "but she belongs to another generation. Things are different today. She doesn't understand."

Well, generally the difference is that fathers and mothers have learned in the hard way that they cannot afford to sit up and be independent.

The future of the individual child depends on the individual mother. And the future of our race depends on the mothers of our race, and on our attitude toward them.

And as for the young girl who may marry the boy and come into the family, her place in rebuilding the American family is more important than ever, because the problem itself is greater.

May I digress to point out there are some hazards in courtship. In Philadelphia, for instance, a young man decided to court his girl by letter. He sent her a proposal every day for 65 days. On the 65th day the girl married the mailman. But this is an exceptional case; and nevertheless it's a wonderful thing to see a young girl helping a young man, and to realize how much she can do for him and for the family she may join.

Lucky is the boy who possesses the interest and thought of the right kind of girl.

The young woman with the better brain and better character is the better in every way.

She is better before she is married because she attracts a man of intelligence and, after marriage, because she establishes a new family of two intelligent people.

She is better as a young wife because her ambition calls out the ambition in her husband.

Well-informed, alert young women insure abler Americans in the future. Our social system improves in proportion as the men in it are influenced by its good women.

Yes, the family unit is the real basis of life and of our country's future. The strength of Niagara is made up of each drop of water moving in the same direction.

Likewise, with the strength of each family comes the strength of our nation. Let each member in each family give confidence to the whole family regarding this fact. And give everyone in the family confidence in our country.

(Copyright 1957 by Henry J. Taylor.)

READER'S CHOICE

Our *Reader's Choice* for May, appropriate for both Mother's Day and National Family Week, is from *An American Speaks His Mind* (Doubleday, $3.95), a collection of Henry J. Taylor's best weekly radio messages. Here you will find many ideas that will be timely as long as our civilization lasts.—*Eds.*

This movement is small—but powerful.
And it's catching on with laymen from coast to coast!

They're Called RETREATS

By D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD
Professor of Philosophy, Earlham College

THE WORD "RETREAT" may not be the best word, but this is the one we have used, and we are not really likely to change it.

The retreat movement is one of the most genuine features of the current religious revival. It still isn't big, because it doesn't seek to involve the masses. But it is powerful. And even in terms of numbers it can't be discounted, for retreats quietly are capturing the interest of laymen from coast to coast.

Joe Miller's experience comes to my mind. Joe was a successful salesman, one of 16 men gathered in the main room of a comfortable old house before a blazing fire. All were laymen except their pastor. I was there as leader.

These men had come 150 miles to a retreat house, to spend 44 hours of concentrated attention on the claims of the Christian life. It was a new experience for Joe; actually, he had come to the house only to please his pastor.

In the sessions of Friday evening and Saturday he refused to become seriously involved; he needed time to grow. Then, in the final session on Sunday, we dealt with great classics of Christian devotion, particularly the prayers of Samuel Johnson. Not one of the laymen had ever read these before.

I shall never forget their mood as we read, first silently and then aloud, Dr. Johnson's petition upon starting the overwhelming task of compiling his dictionary: "O God . . . enable me to proceed in this labour . . . that when I shall render up, at the last day, an account of the talent committed to me I may receive pardon, for the sake of Jesus Christ." For Joe, this experience was almost overwhelming.

Joe stopped the discussion. He told us that Dr. Johnson's prayer had brought home to him for the first time in his life the fact that one day he would die! And now he realized that he did not wish to look back, at the end, on a wasted life. He now knew that unless he was prepared to admit later he had used his talent poorly, he would have to change his entire way of life.

This experience was as real for Joe as if it had happened in an old-fashioned Methodist camp-meeting revival. And this same sort of thing is happening to laymen all over America right now!

Here is a big reason why the retreat movement continues to grow: it meets the deeply felt needs of contemporary Christians. Many persons are dissatisfied with their lives. They are too close to their problems to see them clearly. There is little thoroughness. They long for more quiet, more honesty of discussion, more firsthand experience of prayer. In the retreat movement they find satisfactions for life's needs they do not find anywhere else.

Modern laymen need to get away from the pressures of everyday life. That is why retreat centers have grown up in remote places. The local church is too familiar; home and business are too close; the telephone is too handy.

People also need to experience deep participation; the retreat atmosphere is conducive to this. There are no speeches. Each person is made to feel like making his own contribution.

Groups are kept small. Although there have been some gatherings with as many as 25, the ideal number seems to be 12 to 15. Then no one is a mere spectator. He takes part.

Another need modern laymen feel is the opportunity to engage in the spiritual disciplines: prayer, meditation, silence, and study. Retreats offer these opportunities. In community with others of like mind, a person can still be apart, at times, for contemplation.

One marked difference between the retreat and the conventional conference is the rule of silence. A common practice is silence on one or both nights, from the end of the evening session to grace at breakfast. How peaceful it is to go to bed or prepare for the new day without having to make small talk!

Sometimes silence is observed at meals, where one man reads from a devotional classic while the others eat in silence. This is not done at all meals, however, because of the value of friendly table conversation.

We've found it important to have plenty of reading matter around,

Retreats bring people together in situations of mutual heart searching.

much of it from the devotional classic writers. It is a common practice for a man to go home loaded with books to give or lend to others. I knew one attender who was so impressed that he gave away 20 copies of a devotional book to his friends. And he'd never heard of the book before that retreat.

Another need the small retreat meets is the opportunity for relaxed fellowship. Contrasted with the tight program of the average church conference or business convention, the retreat schedule is loose. Participants go home refreshed instead of needing a rest.

Retreats bring people together in situations of mutual heart searching. There is no need to try to impress anybody; the mood of frankness is refreshing. But it can be shocking, too.

One pastor at a retreat with a group of his laymen was startled to learn that one of them who had heard his sermons for a long time without disapproval—and made the conventional religious responses—was not really a believer. At the retreat he confessed that he had long doubted God's existence!

Working with him for two days, we were able to marshal evidence in a convincing manner. His gratitude was almost pathetic. He found that he could have had the answers all the time—if he had only had the courage to reveal his misgivings.

Here's what goes on at a typical retreat: Attenders arrive around 6 p.m. Friday, having left work early to drive in groups of threes or fours to the retreat center.

After friendly dinner conversation, the first session begins around 7:30 with prayer and Bible study. A favorite topic is the ministry of the layman. This refers to opportunities to act as a Christian in everyday life.

The topic breaks up easily into significant parts. If the layman is to perform his ministry, he must learn to *pray,* to study great *books,* know his *Bible,* learn to *think* about his faith, and act as a Christian in his daily *work*.

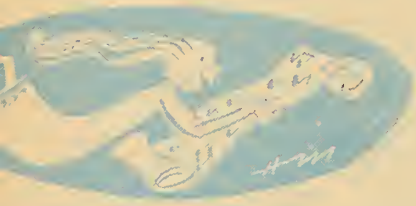
This gives meat for five creative sessions. After Sunday's noon meal, members return home to be with their families in the evening, rested and ready to start a new week's work on Monday.

Two types of questions arise in nearly every gathering. One has to do with the problem of evil. I have heard a man ask, "If God exists and is truly a loving God, why does he allow germs that kill innocent persons in this world?" Every retreat shows that laymen are not satisfied with inspiration and uplift; they want intellectual help on life's toughest problems, too.

The other group of questions which always come up in men's retreats have to do with Christianity in daily life. How is the life of a Christian doctor different from that of a pagan doctor? How does the Gospel affect a lawyer or an insurance man?

One attender was surprised to learn that he could be an active Christian in his business life. He began to see the strength of the Church as a community of believers where a man

Want to write



a hymn?

METHODISTS love to sing—and an all-time favorite is *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing!* (No. 86 in *The Methodist Hymnal*). Charles Wesley wrote the words, but we direct your attention just to the music, composed by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. *Together* would like to present new words to that music—words to commemorate the fact that this year Methodism as a church is 175 years old. The lyrics should catch the tempo of dynamic Methodism moving across the continent . . . and something of what we Methodists believe. (Perhaps Kipling's *Recessional* or Katharine Lee Bates' *America the Beautiful* will inspire you.)

Note this: We seek three stanzas only. They should be rich in imagery, strong in feeling and thought, and must fit the music! We can't promise fame, but the hymn judged best (to become property of *Together*) will be printed in the special November issue, featuring Methodism's 175th anniversary. Its writer will receive $100. Assisting in judging will be Bishop Edwin Voigt, chairman of the Commission on Worship; Dr. Bliss Wiant, director of music of the General Board of Education, and Dr. William C. Rice, president of the National Fellowship of Methodist Musicians.

All Entries Must Be Received by

MUSIC EDITOR,
TOGETHER,
740 N. Rush St.,
Chicago 11, Ill.,

Before June 1, 1959.

can come for renewal of Christian vitality that will sustain him in the stresses of the busy everyday world.

Actually, withdrawal from the world for prayer and study has been the practice of mystics for many years. The present retreat movement is the Protestant counterpart, but it is as different from 15th-century monasticism as Christianity is different from Buddhism. During the last 30 years several different types of retreats have been growing up more or less independently of each other.

One of the earliest was the Camps Farthest Out movement. The first Camp Farthest Out, realizing a dream of the late Glenn Clark, for 30 years a professor of literature at Macalester College in St. Paul, "for a time away from the mechanics of civilization," met at Lake Koronis near Paynesville, Minn., in the summer of 1930.

Methodist missionary E. Stanley Jones introduced the ashram in the U.S. from India in 1940, under sponsorship of the evangelism department of the old Federal Council of Churches. [See Dr. Jones' *Are 'Foreign' Missions Through?* January, 1959, page 32.] These center on Christ and the power to solve all problems of Christian laymen in fellowship with others seeking redemption.

More recently, the Disciplined Order of Christ has come into being among Methodists under leadership of the Rev. Albert E. Day. He started the movement in 1945 as a fellowship of those whose purpose is to realize the experience of the Apostle Paul, "I have been crucified with Christ; it is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me."

In 70 Methodist Annual Conferences laymen now hold retreats annually for inspiration and information within the framework of the church's lay-activities program. It is estimated that this involves more than 50,000 laymen annually.

The retreat movement of our times owes much to the Iona community of Scotland, started in 1938 under the leadership of the Rev. George MacLeod on the beautiful Isle of Iona in the Inner Hebrides. There, men combine practical service with hours of spiritual refreshment.

American churchmen have visited Iona and caught something of its dream. A result has been the founding of a number of nondenominational retreat centers for prayer, study, discipline, Bible study, and silence—all for the purpose of spiritual renewal. One is Kirkridge in the mountains near Stroudsburg, Pa., started by the Rev. John Oliver Nelson, a Presbyterian. Methodist groups hold retreats there frequently.

Well known, too, is Pennsylvania's Pendle Hill, founded by Quakers. Near Brighton, Mich., the Episcopalians have a training center called Parishfield. Other retreat centers are Wainwright House at Rye, N.Y., Dayspring near Rockville, Md., and Yokefellow House in Richmond, Ind., where I mostly have been involved.

Methodist youths as well as adults hold retreats at Rolling Ridge, North Andover, Mass. Since World War II, Presbyterians have operated two retreat houses near Los Angeles.

My visit to Iona came in the summer of 1948. Much that I have thought and said and done during the last decade has been affected by that experience. One of its fruits has been Yokefellow House in 1956, in Richmond, Ind. Idea of the Yokefellow movement is to allow Christ to become Lord in church life, business and social life, and in family life and citizenship.

Within the last year, several Methodist groups have come to Richmond for retreats, including Methodist Men from the Columbus, Ind., district and a Fort Wayne young-adult group.

Pastors are finding these satisfactions, too. A retreat for 27 of them was held recently at Asilomar, on the Pacific Coast. A lady in one of their churches reported to her neighbor that she had a "new pastor."

"Oh, has John left you?" her surprised neighbor asked.

"No," replied the lady, "John himself is a new pastor." I've known wives of laymen to take similar delight at having a "new husband" who's been to a retreat.

The retreat is a great new way of promoting vital Christianity. We do not know what the future holds, but we do know that the movement is growing at a remarkable rate. It is bound to affect the entire character of our church in the coming days—and the change, I believe, will be in terms of greater depth.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Charles M. Schulz. © 1958 by Gospel Trumpet Co.

"I regret to report that our proposal to play Perry Como records at the next missionary meeting has met with stern opposition."

Q *I am 14. For three years I have been interested in a girl of 16. We went to games together and had fun. Suddenly she dropped me for a guy 18. She seems completely grown-up—and stuck-up, too. She treats me like dirt and calls me "baby stuff." Can I win her back?—D.D.*

A Better not try. Some girls change as your girl did, almost overnight. Often they aren't good sports about it either. You'll catch up with her eventually, but for several years you'll be "baby stuff" to her. Better look for girls to whom you'll be "big stuff." You'll find them in your classes at school.

Q *My father passed away several months ago. Since then I have been a big problem to my mother. She scolds me something awful. I think part of the time her only reason is that she's still upset over Dad's death. But part of the time I deserve scolding. I am 17. I'm not as fine a boy as I used to be. I try, but don't succeed. What can I do?—J.K.*

A Probably you both are still upset. Be patient with your mother. Encourage her to keep active, doing worth-while things with her friends. Try to discipline yourself on a day-to-day basis. Each morning, plan the day's activities. Set them up so you can avoid the bad things which distress you and your mother. Don't forget to pray—and talk with your minister.

Q *I'm a girl, 14. I can tell that a boy likes me by the way he acts. I see him only at church. We both are shy. How can I let him know how I feel?—B.M.*

A Smile cordially and say "Hi" when you meet. Talk with him when the opportunity comes. Find out what he's interested in and be ready to discuss it. After you are a little better acquainted give a party at home. Invite several boy and girl friends, including him. Be friendly, but not too forward. He'll catch on.

Q *I am 16. I've never dated a girl. Ten months ago a friend arranged a date with a nice kid. I backed out. Ever since, I've wondered if I did the right thing. I don't dislike girls, but I like going out with my gang better. Am I an oddball?—M.H.*

A No. At least one third of the boys in your class feel the same way. Later you will change.

Q *I'm 16 and go with a boy 17. He is bright, but he quit school about a month ago. He found a good job right away and says that proves it was right for him to quit. Do you think a bright boy should stop high school before finishing his senior year?—J.C.*

A No. There are a few mentally retarded or emotionally mixed-up young folks for whom a diploma is impossible. If they can find appropriate things to do outside school it is best for them to leave. However, all others should stay through their senior year. That goes for girls, too.

Q *I am 13. I have loved a boy of 15 for three weeks. It is the longest time I have ever loved one boy. My trouble is that he doesn't like my mother. He talks back to her and is rude. He is nasty to his own mother, too. He keeps me crying all the time. Would he make a good husband?—J.M.*

A Your feeling is a crush. It won't last. His suitability as a husband is irrelevant to you now. I'm sure you'll be happier if you stop seeing him.

Q *I am the littlest boy in school. The kids call me "Shrimp" and "Shorty." They tell me to "climb up out of the hole." Why can't I be big? —L.E.*

A Were your parents among the littlest in their classes? Rate of growth probably is inherited and there

Dr. Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

Why do we have church on Sunday morning?

Because Jesus rose from the dead on the first day of the week and our church services are a continual commemoration of this event. But there is no good reason why services may not be held at other times. Russian Christians, both Orthodox and Evangelical, have church services every evening. Americans could appropriately do the same.

Shall we pray for the dead?

Why not? Our faith convinces us that they are living, working, growing, freed from many of the limitations that surrounded them here. Why should we not pray for them, even as we believe they pray for us? Paul did (2 Timothy 1:18).

If it is objected that the dead are already in the hands of God, we may answer that so are the living. And we ought never to imagine that prayer changes God's purposes, or reminds him of something he has forgotten, or persuades him of something he has not already thought about. A proper prayer for both living and dead would simply be that they may do God's will.

Prayer for the dead unites the Church, visible and invisible, into a timeless fellowship, binding us all, as Tennyson says, to God himself.

Can I be put out of the church?

Yes—but only after a trial in which the rights of the individual member are guarded at every turn. There is much more in our *Discipline* about getting out of the church (roughly 30 pages in the section on *Judicial Administration*) than getting in. This is the member's "Bill of Rights."

The offenses for which a member may be brought to trial include: Immorality or crime; disseminating doctrines opposed to those of Methodism; disobedience to the order and discipline of the church; buying, selling, or manufacturing intoxicating liquor as a beverage or renting property for such manufacture or sale, signing a petition in favor of a license, becoming surety on a bond for a person engaged in such traffic, or persisting in the use of intoxicants after private reproof and admonition by the pastor or charge lay leader.

The trial court is composed of 7 to 12 members, chosen by the Quarterly Conference, and its decision must be made by a two-thirds majority.

T. Otto Nall, editor of The New Christian Advocate *and conductor of* TOGETHER'S *column on* Your Faith and Your Church, *is an experienced author, teacher, traveler, and minister. Here he shares with you his knowledge and understanding of religion.*

isn't much you can do about it. Have your doctor give you a physical examination. Talk with him afterward. He'll help you understand. Probably you'll be a bit taller than your father ultimately.

Q *I am both slow and dumb. I can't get places on time. I can't do my school work as fast as the others. When I graduate next June I'll have enough recommended grades to get into college. However, both my sisters won scholarships and I won't have a chance at one. Was it fair for God to make me this way?—D.T.*

A I'm afraid you underestimate yourself. If you will qualify for college on the basis of recommended grades you are not dumb; you fall in the brighter third of the population. Don't compare yourself with your sisters. Each person is different. You have strengths which they lack. Try to compete with your own past record. You'll be surprised how quickly progress comes. God has not been unfair to you.

Q *Could I have been in love with a girl's hair more than with the girl herself? I am 14. I've been taking a girl to the movies. She had black hair and wore it long. Last week she cut and bleached it. Now I don't love her. Why am I so changeable?—E.D.*

A Most boys your age are changeable. Your girl's hair probably was only one of several factors in your change. Later you'll be less changeable.

Q *My brother is 10. He won't stay away from my boy friends. They horse around with him and he thinks he is big stuff. The one way to keep him from bothering when my friends are visiting is to bribe him. I'm running out of money. What can I do?—K.A.*

A Talk with your parents. They should be willing to take a hand. If at first they aren't willing, ask them to check with some other parents. Girls should be able to have boy friends visit without being troubled by brothers.

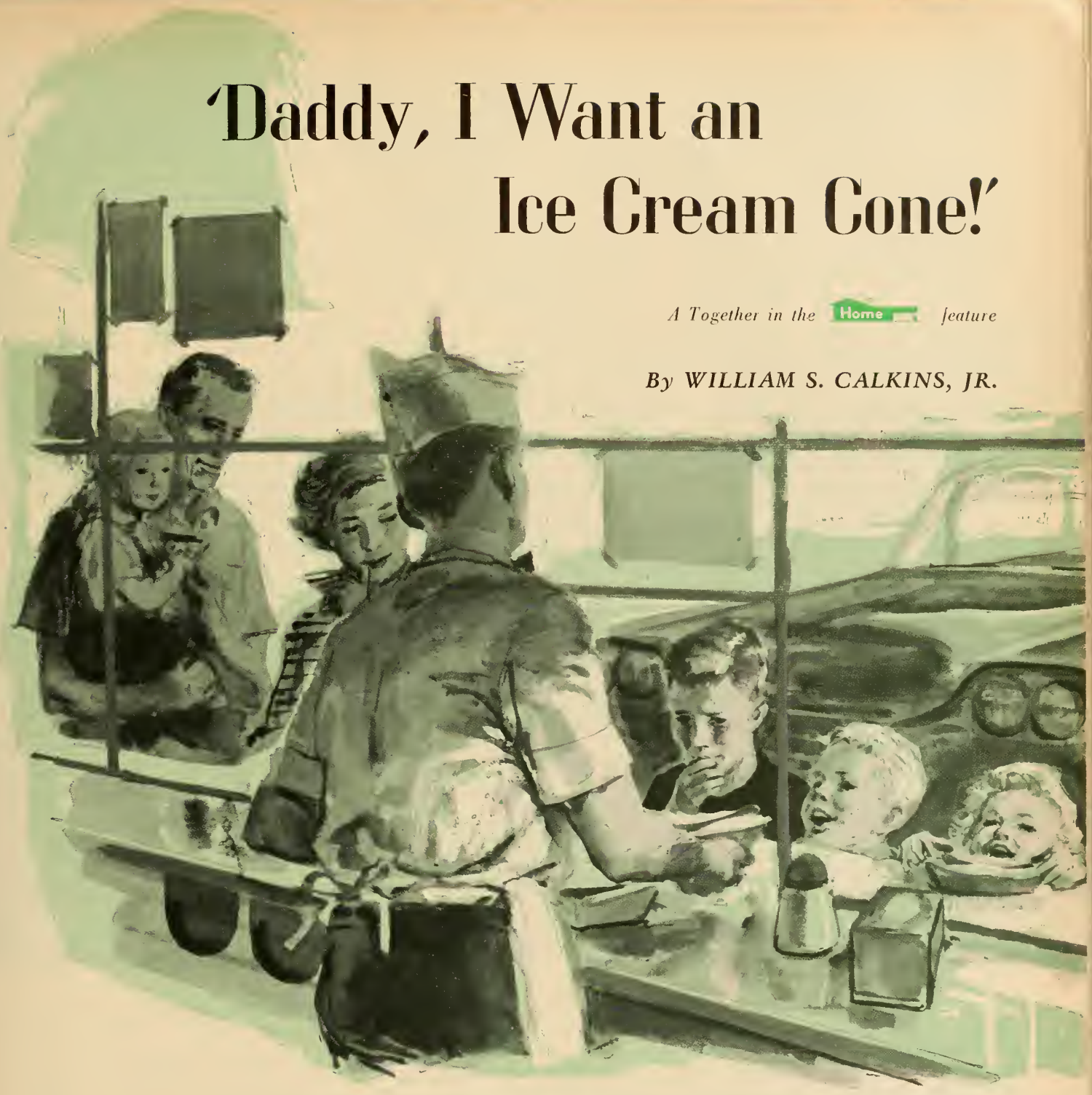
•

TEENS: *Don't let your problems go unsolved. Dr. Barbour, an experienced counselor, will answer your questions and hold your name and address in confidence. Write him c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*—EDS.

'Daddy, I Want an Ice Cream Cone!'

A Together in the Home *feature*

By WILLIAM S. CALKINS, JR.



The children thought 45 cents was pretty steep for hot dogs—but things looked a good bit rosier after they had received their change.

DADDY, I want a candy bar . . ." "Mommy, can I have a ride on the merry-go-round? . . ." "Daddy, I want . . ."

A familiar refrain? It certainly is to most parents. Moreover, it often takes on the cadence of a chant that sends the pleasures of a day's outing, or the family vacation, vanishing into the thin air of exasperation.

Two years ago, when we first roughed out plans for taking our four lively youngsters—all under 10—on a camping vacation, their mother and I realized that the "I want" theme could develop all the irritating aspects of a symphony played by mosquitoes. But we finally worked out a plan of action to meet it.

Our plan called for us to drive from home in Bolivar, in western New York State, to Hebron, New Hampshire, for a week's stay at a friend's farm. From there, we would cross Lake Champlain by ferry and would then drive back home to

Bolivar by way of the Adirondacks.

In the Adirondacks we would camp out using a tent, a camp cook stove, a refrigerator box, sleeping bags, and air mattresses. I have been an enthusiastic camper since Boy Scout days; my wife is an incurable picnicker, and we wanted our children to learn to share our love of the outdoors as early in their lives as possible.

The big question in our minds was:

Were our children too young to learn something about the inelastic quality of money—or were we condemned to listen to an endless "I want" refrain throughout the days and nights of our trip?

Janet Lynne, the baby, was only 2½ and obviously had to be excluded from any money-handling plan we made. But the three older children were enthusiastic about the trip and, we hoped, nearer the age of "financial responsibility." Billy, nine, and Bobby, seven, were talking of nothing but camping in the mountains. Five-year-old Marjorie Kathleen, called Peaches because she was blonde and rosy-cheeked, couldn't wait for "the picnic."

Admittedly, the children were still pretty young. But any pastor of a small church expects big things of people, and his wife has to be an optimist. We decided this would be a good time to give our children their first real taste of co-operative Christian living and family finance.

Shortly before leaving, we called a solemn family council to explain our plans. We gave each of the three older children $5 to spend on the way to New Hampshire. Mother and I each drew the same amount from the family budget. The baby was to go along "free." Out of the $5, each would buy his own food, ice cream, rides, and treats.

I can still hear Billy saying, "Oh, boy," as he looked at the riches in his hand. He was obviously relishing the thought of the luxuries his wealth would bring him. He was still exclaiming happily as I put the car in gear and we started off on our trip —and our experiment.

The first meal was a quick snack at a roadside stand—hot dogs, French fries, a cold drink. The bill: 45 cents each. This sounded pretty steep to the youngsters, when they remembered they could get all the hot dogs they wanted at home—free. But when each received four $1 bills and some coins in change, the world once more took on a rosy hue. They could live again—at least until we were coming off the Thruway and I asked for 10 cents from each of them to help pay the $2.25 toll.

It was hard for Peaches to understand why you had to pay "just to ride on a road." Her curls bobbed as she shook her head in disbelief, but this was co-operative family living. Reluctantly she put her dime in my hand.

"Yeah," Bobby replied, "we won't have any money left."

It had been dark and stormy on the Thruway. Now, with the rain continuing, we began to look for a hotel. The first one had a lovely room —and on the family plan, too. But even though the children could stay "free," the rate for Mommy and Daddy was $15. On our own co-operative family plan, this would have been $3 apiece.

"Three dollars!" Billy exclaimed. "Just for a place to sleep? Let's sleep in the car." We decided it would be wisest to drive on.

The evening meal didn't make the children feel any richer. Here, too, they had to spend money—a whole 85 cents for spaghetti, the cheapest food on the menu, and not good like Mommy's either.

As we left the restaurant, Billy said sadly to his brother, "Bob, we'd better buy a loaf of bread and make some peanut-butter sandwiches for us to eat."

"Yeah," Bobby replied, "we won't have any money left, the way we're spending it."

Billy thought it over for a moment, then added desperately, "That's why we'd better sleep in the car. If we go to a hotel, we use up a whole $3— and we have only $3 and some change left now."

A few miles farther on, however, we saw a modest motel and stopped to take a look. Two double beds in one cabin would sleep four, and by using our air mattresses and sleeping bags on the floor we could sleep six. Eight dollars please! Mother and I offered to pay $2.50 apiece if the children would each pay $1, and after some deliberation it was agreed that, since it was dark and wet outside, this was the best we could do.

Dropping off to sleep, I heard the voices of the two boys mingling with the sound of the rain on the roof. They were discussing the problem of expenses in awed tones. "Just think of paying a whole dollar to sleep on the floor," Bobby said wonderingly. All that Billy, stunned by his introduction to "high finance," could reply was, "Yeah!"

The next day we bought groceries so we could cook out and it was a shock to the children to learn that even picnics cost money. By this time conserving their dwindling funds had become a real challenge.

Finally, we arrived at Hebron, where they were happy to turn all money problems back to Daddy. Nevertheless, struggling with "high finance" had given them a new understanding of the family pocketbook's limitations.

In fact, we found the experience so successful that we held a family council shortly after we got home and made out a budget in which parents and children alike played a part. Together we set aside the money for the tithe, utilities, food, clothing, and other items. And each of us received his individual monthly allowance.

We feel it is no exaggeration to say that our vacation experience in co-operative finance led us to the pathway of stewardship training, so vital to happy Christian living.

In the Grand Tetons, David Robertson's "choir loft" is awesome in its grandeur.

Worship in Our National Parks

AMERICANS seeking scenic beauty and outdoor recreation find both in ample measure amid the millions of unspoiled acres set aside in our great system of national parks.

Until late years, however, little was done in the parks to provide an organized program of spiritual re-creation for millions of vacationists and thousands of summer workers, far from church and home. Then, in 1952, the National Council of Churches launched a new interdenominational ministry; now it has grown to the point where 142 seminary students will serve as chaplains in 29 parks this summer. During the week, these student ministers will work in those same parks as truck drivers, room clerks, cabin boys, commissary stewards.

This unusual Christian ministry includes everything from regular Sunday services to Bible study and personal witnessing. The program is under the direction of the Rev. Warren W. Ost—who, as a student minister, once worked as a bellhop at Yellowstone National Park.

Cathedral in a canyon: the colorful pinnacles and spires of Bryce Canyon in Utah tower high and humble the edifices of man.

Pulpits in national parks, indoors and out, are shared by student ministers of 21 Protestant denominations. This chapel is at Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming.

Where Student Ministers Serve

ALASKA . . . . . Mount McKinley National Park.
ARIZONA . . . . . Grand Canyon National Park (north and south rims).
CALIFORNIA . . . . . Death Valley and Devils Postpile* National Monuments, Kings Canyon, Lassen Volcanic, Yosemite, and Sequoia National Parks.

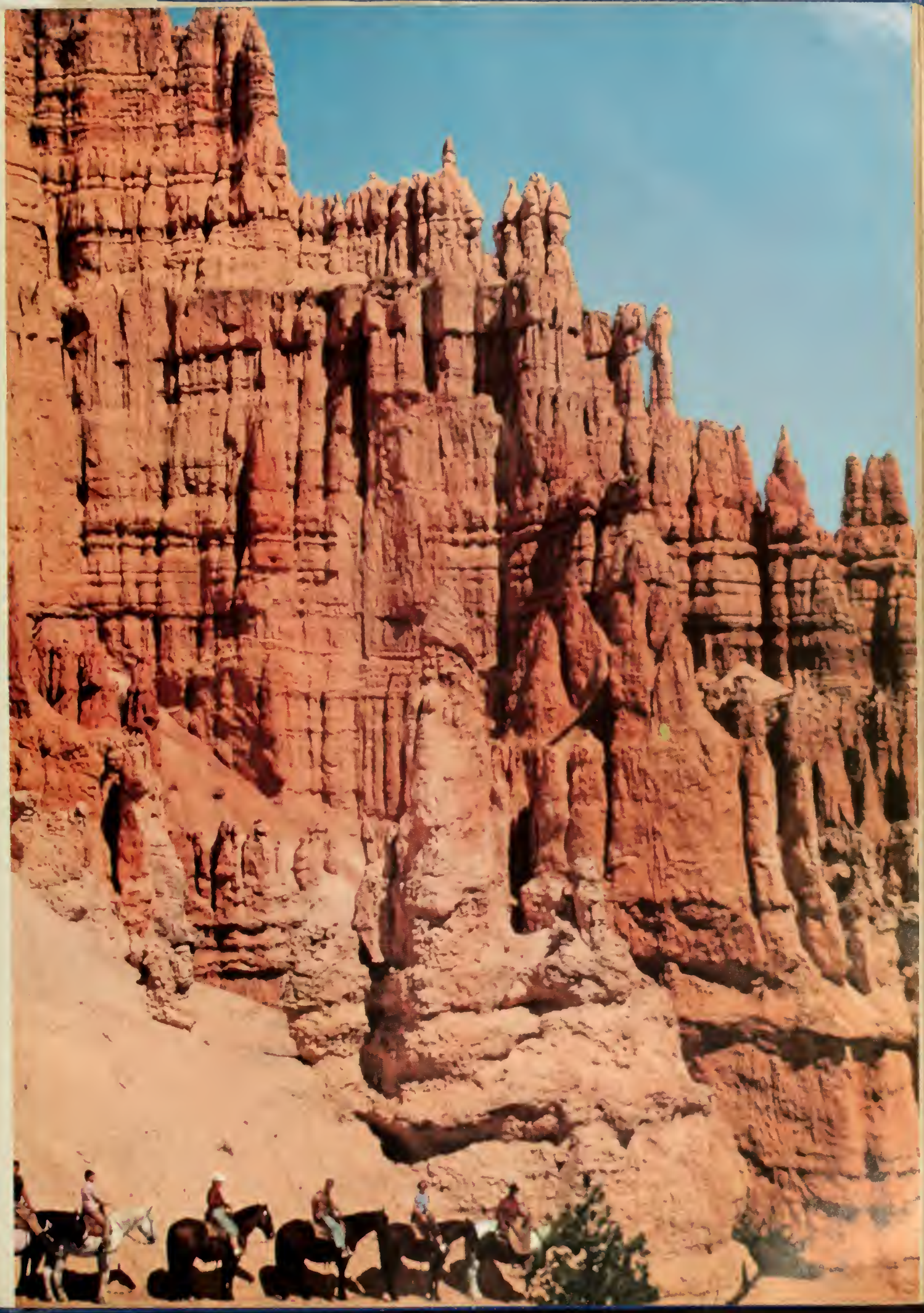
COLORADO . . . . . Mesa Verde and Rocky Mountain National Parks, Shadow Mountain National Recreation Area.

FLORIDA . . . . . Everglades National Park.
MICHIGAN . . . . . Isle Royale National Park.
MONTANA . . . . . Glacier National Park.
NORTH CAROLINA . . . . . Blue Ridge Parkway (Doughton Park area).
OREGON . . . . . Mount Hood National Forest, Crater Lake National Park, Oregon Caves National Monument.

SOUTH DAKOTA . . . . . Badlands National Monument, Black Hills Area, Mount Rushmore National Memorial.

TEXAS . . . . . Big Bend National Park.
UTAH . . . . . Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks.
VIRGINIA . . . . . Shenandoah National Park.
WASHINGTON . . . . . Mount Rainier and Olympic National Parks.
WYOMING . . . . . Devils Tower National Monument*, Grand Teton and Yellowstone National Parks.

*Services not scheduled for 1959



Sunrise over the canyon: 1 million visitors a year—and many tarry to worship.

"THERE! Empty your heads of all vanity and look!" The speaker was John Muir, often credited with being the father of our national parks. He had brought John Burroughs, the naturalist, and friends to the rim of the Grand Canyon.

"It is a veritable Book of Revelation!" Burroughs exclaimed in awe.

As the Colorado River rambles out of Utah

Shrine for the ages: nature's stupendous handiwork inspires reverence in all who stand here.

into northern Arizona it becomes a giant hand which, for a billion years, has gouged and sculptured the canyon out of the earth's face. Visitors are staggered by an immensity and grandeur beyond belief; some who see this truly sublime spectacle drop to their knees in prayer. Here, as it stretches toward the horizon or plunges deep into the earth, the Grand Canyon is truly one of nature's greatest masterpieces.

Before the first Spanish explorer stumbled onto the Grand Canyon in 1540, the red men were awed by the Great Spirit's handiwork. And the same forces that began work before man appeared on the earth are still on the move in the Grand Canyon—one of our great national parks which is practically a ministry in itself.

A reverent group, photographed last year at maladroitly named Devils Tower National Monument, Wyoming.

Typical sign directing worshipers to services in a park.

WHILE the National Council of Churches didn't originate the idea of a ministry in the national parks, the work has grown rapidly since the Council co-ordinated it on a nation-wide scale seven years ago. Earlier, local churches of various denominations supplied pastors and area religious programs. Many communities near some of the less-isolated parks still do so.

Meadow in the sky: the gay flowers of Mount Rainier National Park seem to nod pleasantly to hikers passing along the trail.

. . . from rugged mountains to desert splendor

By the turn of the river: nearly 700,000 acres make up the Big Bend Park in mountains and deserts near the Rio Grande.

Photograph by Bates Littlehales, courtesy of National Geographic Magazine. ©National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.

Lincoln's face hewn in eternal granite by Gutzon Borglum atop Mount Rushmore in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson, and Theodore Roosevelt exemplify moral and spiritual resources that undergird "The American Dream."

Can Girls Reform Boys *After* Marriage?

By GEORGE W. CRANE
Consulting psychologist, physician, author, newspaper columnist, and a Sunday-school teacher at the Chicago Temple, Methodist

IF A GIRL falls in love with an ex-convict and wants to marry him, what are her chances of helping him turn his back on his past so they can build a solid future together?

Over the years I've encountered hundreds of such cases. Take Hilda, for example.

Hilda was a shy coed whose domineering parents had made her decisions for her. Her mother had picked out her clothes, her college, her friends.

Then Hilda met Carl. She became infatuated with him although her parents—and friends—vetoed him as a suitor.

"Oh, Dr. Crane," Hilda protested, "I can never be happy without Carl. I realize he has been bad at times and even has served a prison term. I know everybody is against him. But Carl says I am the only good person he has ever met. I am sure I can reform him after we get married.

"Besides, don't you think it would be a Christian act for me to marry him and try to lead him to a better life?"

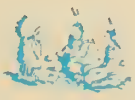
Carl had been in prison three times. He had been convicted of armed robbery and assault. In fact, he drove Hilda to my office in a stolen car!

Obviously, anyone might violate the law sometime and be arrested. But when somebody lands in prison three times, we psychologists regard him as a bad risk. Certainly it's *possible* that such a man might do an about-face, as during a religious meeting. But do you believe it is *probable* Carl would do so?

And do you think Hilda's love for Carl is largely a missionary fervor to convert him to the Christian way of life? Or is her repressed ego so delighted with his compliments and attention that she is emotionally intoxicated?

Suppose we analyze the situation. If Hilda wants to convert souls, couldn't she become a missionary and lead many people to Christ instead of concentrating on one man and marrying a convicted criminal?

When you pick a mate, you should realize that you thereby cast the proxy votes for your future children. And those children will not be so influenced by how a man treats you under a romantic moon as they will by whether he is a good dad who is active in Sunday school, the Boy Scouts, and the PTA.



MIDMONTH POWWOW

But Hilda's starved ego is so overwhelmed by the sudden attention she receives from Carl that she does not look ahead. Like Esau, she is likely to sell out for little because of her selfish delight in masculine attention.

This feeling that they can render a constructive service by helping somebody who is down and out, or ostracized, or otherwise needs a helping hand is an ego-inflating influence that leads many girls into the kind of situation in which Hilda found herself.

Another major motivation in such cases is a secret feeling of inferiority or sinfulness held by the girl. This may be based on a few isolated instances in her childhood which have never been confessed. As a result, she tends to identify herself with the ostracized person. In her resulting fondness for the underdog she symbolizes her secret yearning to be similarly forgiven if she should publicly admit her inner sins.

In addition, many girls, morally virtuous, are subconsciously stimulated by the exciting feeling that a disapproved boy friend may be more inclined to make passes. The adage which warns that "moths can't stay away from a flame" holds true to a

certain degree with virtuous women. A rogue seems to have no difficulty attracting good women who, under the conscious guise of trying to help him, are actually motivated subconsciously by the thought that maybe he will make advances to them, too.

Many girls let their own inner tensions and neurotic condition betray them into unwise romances. If they could face reality, they'd avoid needless heartache later.

It's said that it requires two good women to produce a good husband. The first should be his mother. If she permits her son to grow up as a selfish, temper-tantrum brat, then even an angel might not be able to make a success of marriage to him.

God surely wants us to be smart Christians instead of the stupid variety who take unnecessary chances. Surely he means us to be scientific, to watch the batting averages, instead of imposing on his generosity by taking long chances. If a girl's choice of a suitor is vigorously opposed by her parents and her close personal friends, she'd better face her inner conflicts and ask the advice of her pastor, her physician, or another competent adviser.

Nita is an example of what I'm saying. She was a minister's daughter. Excessive coercion from her father had alienated her and she was rebellious. In college she learned to smoke and went out of her way to flaunt her use of liquor. Although she didn't consciously realize it, she adopted these habits as an indirect way of striking back at her father. And she may have had some justification, for her dad was ultra-strict. He had never permitted her to go to a movie or to school athletic events. Dances had been taboo.

Nita's revolt at college progressed to her joining a radical club and espousing atheism. She seemed to delight in defying all rules. Then she met Tony. He, too, was a rebel. He had no regular job; he frequented a bookie joint; he got drunk; he was a cop hater.

Nita immediately claimed to be

But Now Read On

We asked three readers—a grandmother, a criminologist, and a reformed delinquent—to tell us what they think. If you, too, have strong views on this problem, we would be happy to hear from you.—*Eds.*

LaMar Warrick and grandchildren: She taught journalism at Northwestern.

SOME MAY REFORM

***Says:* LaMar Sheridan Warrick**

Homemaker, long-time Methodist, and mother of a son, now grown.

AFTER I HAD READ Dr. Crane's article my subconscious must have gone to work. For as I washed dishes that noon I found myself remembering a ditty from a long-ago college show. It went something like this:

I just can't help a-loving that man—
He takes me riding in his moving van.
He's furnishing our flat on the installment plan
Picking up the furniture wherever he can . . .
. . . He's got such taking ways he took my heart and han'—
I just can't help a-loving that man.

Now the lady of the song was obviously no angel. She and her burglar husband probably ended up spending some contemplative intervals in *non*-moving jails. Nevertheless, in the midst of her dishonesty she was at least more realistic than Hilda. Hilda spent part of one day riding with her ex-convict boy friend in a stolen auto, and another part of the same day trying to persuade a consulting psychologist (of all people!) that it was her Christian duty to marry Carl. I'm afraid I would have little patience with Hilda.

On the other hand, I felt a certain sympathy for Nita. Here you have a girl reared in an ultra-puritanical home, a girl not allowed to go to movies, football games, or dances. Probably Nita's father would frown on television, too. Such stern parental domination might well antagonize a high-spirited boy or girl to the point of rebellion. Nita's rebellion was so extreme that she became infatuated with a no-good just because he was a rebel, too.

But note several things about Nita. When her worried faculty adviser finally persuaded her to consult Dr. Crane, she listened to him. And she tried to figure out why she had put on a hardboiled act and why she had proceeded to fall in love with an antisocial boy like Tony.

In the end she "got the victory," to use an old Methodist phrase. Instead of eloping, she broke off her romance. That she happened to do so just a few weeks before Tony killed a man is a hair-raising sequel to Nita's story, but it isn't the most important part of it. What is vital is the fact that she *did* listen carefully to Dr. Crane and

infatuated with Tony. When she found that her parents objected to him, she planned to elope. Her faculty adviser persuaded her to visit me first.

I explained to her what was really happening—how she was letting a childhood hatred of her strict dad make her a slave to antisocial behavior. And I pointed out that she was betraying the best interests of her future children.

I also showed her how her father was a product of his own childhood environment, which had made him almost a religious tyrant. "Nita," I told her, "if you had grown up in the same surroundings your father did, you might have been exactly like she *did* admit she had been a pretty mixed-up girl. In spite of her father's overstrictness, he must have instilled certain fine character traits in her.

I did not quite understand Dr. Crane, though, when he spoke of examining love scientifically. Young lovers seldom spend much time discussing their suitability for leadership in future PTA meetings. They usually just say, "I don't know why I love you, but I do."

The fact that most people "fall in love" instead of reasoning themselves into a suitable match does not alter another fact: falling in love with the wrong person can make for tragedy, as Dr. Crane points out. Nevertheless, when considering infatuation as opposed to true devotion I think it is important for us to make the distinction between "mixed-up" young people and criminals.

As a teacher and writer I have not happened to come in contact with hundreds of girls determined to marry criminals—in fact, I have not come in contact with any. However, I have known boys and girls who were not thinking straight about love and marriage and human society. Some have landed in divorce courts, some have not. For it sometimes happens that falling in love (not becoming infatuated) with a fine person, getting married after a suitable engagement period (not eloping), and —most important of all—being *reformed* into a relationship with life which makes room for God, whose divine love "passeth all understanding," may turn even a "crazy, mixed-up kid" into a fine man or woman.

Virgil Peterson: As an FBI agent he helped to trap Dillinger.

Elwood Brookins and family: His wife and a Methodist minister put him on the right path.

CHANCES ARE SLIM

***Warns:* Virgil W. Peterson**

Ex-FBI agent, now Operating Director of the Chicago Crime Commission.

IT'S DANGEROUS to oversimplify. But I can say definitely that the odds are heavily against the success of a marriage between a young man with a prison record and a girl who hopes to reform him.

Habitual violations of the law are symptoms of personality or character defects. Criminals have a strong determination to take what they want, when they want it—regardless of anyone else. Some have no sense of right or wrong. If a man regularly flouts the law, he can be expected to flout the laws of decency with respect

to marriage. If he has habitually rebelled against society, he obviously doesn't respect any kind of restraint, and that includes the restraints implicit in the closest of human relations.

I'm sure there is an occasional criminal who is thoughtful of his wife and children, but this is an exception. If a man is, in the real sense of the word, lawless, he's the same way with respect to his family. In other words, he's a libertine and no more considerate of his family than he is of anybody who happens to cross his path. I personally know this to be true of many criminals. To the criminal, his own desires come before anything else.

Almost all the notorious criminals want respectability and a lot of them want their children to be much different than they are. Yet not one of them will do the thing that would give them respectability—none of them will go to work and earn an honest living. The drive that got them into criminal activities is more important to them than the respectability they say they want.

This is the personality pattern of the habitual criminal. Of course, the chances of reform are better if you're thinking of a boy who has been influenced by a group and has made one slip, and is thoroughly ashamed of it afterward. I'm not trying to minimize such an offense, but here the chances are certainly much better than they are if an individual has engaged in crimes that may have endangered the lives of others.

It is possible, too, that a youngster who has run into more or less serious difficulty even two or three times might still meet someone who could hit the right chord in his character and inspire him to change. I say this *could* happen and there have been some cases where it has, but looking at it in the light of probability, you have to recognize that the chances are against it.

There are two important points I would make: The first is, no man is going to reform unless he has a genuine desire to do so. The second is, if his reformation is going to be successful it should come before marriage instead of after it. For if a man won't change his ways before marriage it's almost a certainty that he won't change them afterward.

A BOY *CAN* REFORM

***Says:* Elwood G. Brookins**

Former delinquent, now a husband, father—and church worker.

IT *IS* possible to reform after marriage—with the help of an understanding wife and people who have faith in you. I know. Two weeks before Christmas, 1949, I stood in a San Bernardino, Calif., courtroom and listened to the judge list the offenses for which I had been arrested the night before. Assault and battery, disturbing the peace, resisting arrest. Shots had been fired, and though I hadn't been hit my nose had been broken in my futile attempt to escape. I must have made a pretty picture standing there with my battered face and cocky air!

The cockiness, though, was only on the outside. Because all at once I saw myself for what I was—a no-good going no place. I could have crawled into a hole. There was Dana, my wife, just a kid herself, with our baby in her arms. There was her father, with a respected position in the community. And looming beside them was the Rev. George A. Boss, pastor of St. Stephen's Community Methodist Church, who had married us the year before. He stood out from everyone else, his eyes not reproaching me but filled with sorrow. I had never known shame, smallness, remorse, guilt, or anything like that before. But I did now.

Mr. Boss had come, he told the judge, to vouch for my character. I remember asking myself, "What character?"

But thanks for his help, my age —19, and a good lawyer, I got off with a $500 fine and a stern warning that another escapade would mean prison.

In view of an almost classic delinquency record, this was a miraculous second chance. I had been put in a detention home at 12 for carrying a stolen gun. In junior high I'd fought a winning battle with the truant officer and had worked nights in a bowling alley to buy flashy clothes. What I couldn't earn, I stole.

Eventually I was made a ward of the court, which took me away from my father and stepmother—they both worked—and sent me to live with a family who had a farm. They made me work hard, but they offered no love or understanding in return. Admiration I found, though, from my gang. They looked to me as their leader because I could hit the hardest, steal the most, drive the fastest, wear the flashiest clothes, and outwit the smartest cop.

When I was 16 my father signed me into the Army where, because of my size and build, I was made an MP. I drank and fought my way through my hitch; my discharge in 1948 was neither honorable nor dishonorable, but a discharge for the convenience of the government.

That was the boy my wife married. She was a fine girl, from a churchgoing family, but religion played virtually no part in the early days of our marriage. In fact, my appearance in court that December day was the third time I'd been in trouble in the year we'd been married.

My transformation didn't come overnight after I walked out of court for the last time. And let nobody believe it was easy. I still drank too much. But slowly I began to straighten out.

Then a year or so ago Dana and I went on a hayride with the St. Stephen's Couples' Club. We enjoyed it so much we felt we should at least visit the church where we'd been married. And once there we found they badly needed young people's help—how badly you can judge by the fact that now I have become Sunday-school superintendent, a steward, and chairman of the Couples' Club. Dana is chairman of the Queen Esther WSCS Circle.

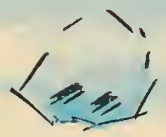
I work at Crane-Pacific, which makes plumbing fixtures. And there I've become shop steward and a member of the union negotiating committee. I'm going to school at night, too; I want to end up with a college degree so I can become a juvenile counselor. Our four children are four good reasons why I want to help youngsters, but this aim also stems from another, deeper, reason.

The other day my wife said, "According to Jesus, the path to heaven is narrow. I think your toes were pointed in the right direction, even in those delinquent days. Only your head got lost for a time."

I want to help keep other boys and girls from losing their heads as I did mine.

Important hints for delegates on

How to Report a Conference



By JAMES W. CARTY, Jr.

Religious News Editor, The Nashville Tennessean

ALMOST everybody becomes a reporter sometime in his church work—often when sent to a religious conference with orders to report back on what he sees and hears.

Here are tips on how to do a good job, keeping in mind that you must be like a pebble dropped into a pool: your report should cause waves of inspiration in the members, spreading in ever-widening circles through them to others.

First, you will need the proper supplies. Next, you must know the right procedure. And finally, you have to organize your report for the congregation and deliver it effectively. Here's the method I recommend, step by step:

Supplies: Pencils, pens, two notebooks. I prefer pens; they never need sharpening. Notebooks with heavy covers are easier to write in. The loose-leaf type is best because you can easily add pages. Choose one that fits your pocket or purse, but be sure that it's large enough for easy writing.

Coverage: Before the conference, study the program. Note how the events and speakers relate to the conference's theme. Then prepare an outline, covering the main theme, speakers, reports, resolutions, elections, pageants, and similar items. Be sure to absorb local color by taking notes on such things as the city, auditorium, conference atmosphere, and number of communities represented. From informal contacts with delegates, pick up other opinions about the meeting.

As each event progresses, take ample notes in notebook number one, jotting down quotes—some direct, some indirect—on each speaker's main points. Make your notes as the speaker talks; if you wait until he finishes, you may not remember enough details. Or you may find you have missed the precise phrasing that gave meaning to a key passage.

Review your notes at the end of each day, selecting three or four important ideas which effectively support the main theme. If possible, talk them over with a friend. Then transfer these ideas to the second notebook. This thus becomes a condensed report of the first notes, narrowing your material to the essential points.

When you return home, review both sets of notes several times to keep details from fading out of your memory.

Reporting back: The night before you make your report to your congregation, make an outline on small file cards, printing large enough so you can read at a glance. Gear your report to the allotted time. And keep both notebooks handy for reference in answering questions from the audience.

Don't give a chronological report. Instead, tell first about the most important thing that transpired. This will win attention at once. And be sure your report has unity, solid content, validity, and audience appeal. In the closing section, comment on the significance of the conference in specific terms.

You'll find that preparing and presenting an intelligent report will transform the conference hours into peak moments of your spiritual life. And you'll gain, too, the inner satisfaction that accompanies a significant job done well.

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

MAY 3

If a king judges the poor with equity his throne will be established for ever.—Proverbs 29:14

KING ROBERT of Sicily is described in Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn* as a proud, haughty monarch who cared only for his selfish desires. To teach him humility and justice, an angel usurped his throne. The king, turned into a court jester chained to an ape, remained in this humiliating condition until he met the Lord, admitted his guilt, and humbly accepted God's will. Then he was restored to his throne, a very different king.

The problem of humility is by no means confined only to kings. The instinct to lord it over others is one that must be fought out in each individual.

Persons in places of power find it easy to ignore or treat unjustly those who are too weak to fight back. The power may be political, emotional, mental, or monetary—each can be used as the power of a king over his poor subjects to bolster one's ego at the expense of another's lesser abilities.

The king who is so self-centered as to use his subjects for his own aggrandizement is likely to favor the wealthy and talented who can help him and disregard the poor who can yield only small revenues. Such a kingdom is doomed.

The king who is humble and extends his justice to the poor—the people who can do little, if anything, for him—is building a lasting kingdom.

We are all kings over the kingdom of our personal life. Our influence will spread and last in proportion to our humility and justice, backed by Christian goodness. Our personal life stands or falls on the quality of the king who rules the heart. Too many have enthroned self. This sort of kingdom is doomed because it will use people. If Christ is enthroned, there will be a "throne . . . established for ever"—a kingdom that will love people.

Prayer: Help us, O God, to dethrone self and enthrone Christ in our personal kingdom to the end that we might love as we ought to love and build a life that will be influential for the kingdom of God. Amen.

—EDWARD S. ZELLEY, JR.

MAY 10

Let the prophet who has a dream tell the dream, but let him who has my word speak my word faithfully. What has straw in common with wheat? says the Lord.—Jeremiah 23:28

HOME CAN BE a heaven or a hell. That fact was brought forcefully to my mind several years ago when I was in college. Just after the Christmas recess one of my classmates, the son of a highly successful psychiatrist, attempted to kill himself. He was taken to a hospital, where I visited him. He had fine clothes, plenty of spending money, and his own car. His grades were above average. Seemingly he had everything to gladden the heart and make life enjoyable.

As I talked to him that day, all his bitterness and loneliness burst forth in condemnation of his parents. "I ought to be happy," he said. "I have everything money can buy. But whenever I want to talk to my parents, Dad is too busy making money and Mom has a bridge or cocktail party to go to."

The greatness of a home is not measured by its size, its cost, or the number of gadgets it contains. The truly great home is one where love and understanding abide. If the parents have a love for Christ in their hearts they will manifest that love toward their children. They will lead them to know him as an intimate friend. They will teach their children to talk to him by having daily prayers together. They will teach them God's ways, God's truth, God's love. And thus parents will bring forth the full kernel of wheat, which is their Christian duty to their children and to God. The Christian home is one where parents co-operate with God to bring the children to the fullness of life in Jesus Christ.

What a responsibility—yet what a glorious opportunity—rests on the heads of families!

Prayer: O God, our Father, so fill our hearts with thy spirit that our homes may be thy dwelling place, our children thy children, and our families as one with thee. In Jesus Christ's name we pray. Amen.

—THOMAS H. BAKER

MAY 17

Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and do not rely on your own insight. In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make straight your paths.—Proverbs 3:5-6

THREE YOUNG CHRISTIANS working with students were deeply concerned about a situation which they believed was contrary to the way of Christ. They had many long talks trying to decide what course of action to follow. The difficulties confronting them seemed overwhelming. Realizing how inadequate was their knowledge and strength to cope with the problem, they sought God's guidance. As they prayed together the light of God's truth illumined the way.

The real need of their lives had led them to experience a more dynamic faith. They found new meaning in the words of the ancient wise man, "Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and do not rely on your own insight."

In our day, when fears regarding the present plague us and anxieties as to the future hang over us like a dark cloud, there is only one answer to our deepest need: trust in

God. When some immediate, pressing problem becomes a burden and threatens to blur my Christian perspective I have found it helpful to recall the words of the Psalmist: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. . . . From everlasting to everlasting thou art God." (Psalm 90:1-2.)

Reflecting on God's eternity, our trust is strengthened and we become better able to deal with the petty aggravations or the major difficulties that must be overcome.

It is important for us to underline the word *all* in the verses from Proverbs that are the basis of our meditation. "Trust in the Lord with *all* your heart. . . . In *all* your ways acknowledge him." This is truly the secret of meaningful and joyous Christian living.

Prayer: Gracious God, our Father, forgive us, we pray, for being men and women of little faith. Inspire us by thy grace to have an unfaltering and joyous trust in thee, knowing that in all things thou dost work for good in those who love thee. Amen.

—WILBUR D. GROSE

MAY 24

If a kingdom is divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand. And if a house is divided against itself, that house will not be able to stand.—Mark 3:24-25

A YOUNG AIRMAN, sitting in the chaplain's office, remarked, "Since I left my home church I have changed . . . and it has not been for the better." In the conversation which followed, the young man confessed that his recent activities had been contrary to the teachings of his church. And he was deeply ashamed.

Each of us has known some degree of this same sense of shame. We have, as Psalms 119:176 states, "gone astray like a lost sheep." And in that condition, we have known remorse, guilt, and shame.

When inner conflict enters our psychic house, our lives become inwardly shattered. When we give entrance to bigotry, hatred, jealousy, and self-destructive forces, we allow admission to a Trojan horse whose purpose is to destroy us.

Here, Jesus gives us a true insight. He teaches us that we cannot long endure as a house divided against itself. Inward divisions lead us away from a wholeness of self and press us toward a split in our personality. Continuation of such a conflict can only culminate in mental and spiritual illness.

The forces of evil which are constantly giving combat to the forces of God find their battleground within the soul of man. St. Paul was conscious of this when he wrote, "For I do not do the good I want, but the evil I do not want is what I do" (Romans 7:19). And yet, with Christ, St. Paul was able to subjugate those evil forces.

Like Paul, Christians have been given the power to cope with evil. As Christ becomes our master, we are able to resist every evil threat through him.

Prayer: O Lord, grant us a deeper understanding of the Word, that we might be able to resist those things which would destroy our souls, and give greater strength to thy purpose in our lives. Amen.

—ROBERT M. DURKEE

MAY 31

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stronghold of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?—Psalms 27:1

THE PSALM writer is in trouble. Otherwise he would not be asking, "Whom shall I fear?"

There are times when we are in trouble. Let us hope it will not be as extreme as that confronting the passengers and the crew of a Danish ship which hit an iceberg south of Greenland last winter. How they must have longed for the "light" of an approaching rescue ship in the wild fury of the black night when they were sinking. How they needed "salvation." If only a "stronghold"—a refuge—could have been offered them!

The Psalmist, even though he was in trouble, claimed God as his light, his salvation, and his stronghold or refuge. This gave him confidence, nearness to God, and joy.

The triumphant statement of this faith is made by Paul in the New Testament:

"If God is for us, who is against us?" (Romans 8:31.)

This faith can be ours, too. God has not destined us to continuing sorrow, frustration, and defeat. Some people do not know this and spend their days grieving over their sad lot in life. Others with less health, less income, and less ability live joyfully, serve faithfully, and are an inspiration to all who meet them. Their faith in God is such that they have what the Psalmist had—confidence, fellowship with God, and joy.

Prayer: Dear Lord, we would face toward the light and let the shadows fall behind us where we shall not see them or be frightened by them. In thee do we place our trust. In confidence and joy we would do our daily work as unto thee and claim thy presence with us now and always. Amen.

—ARLIE H. KRUSSELL

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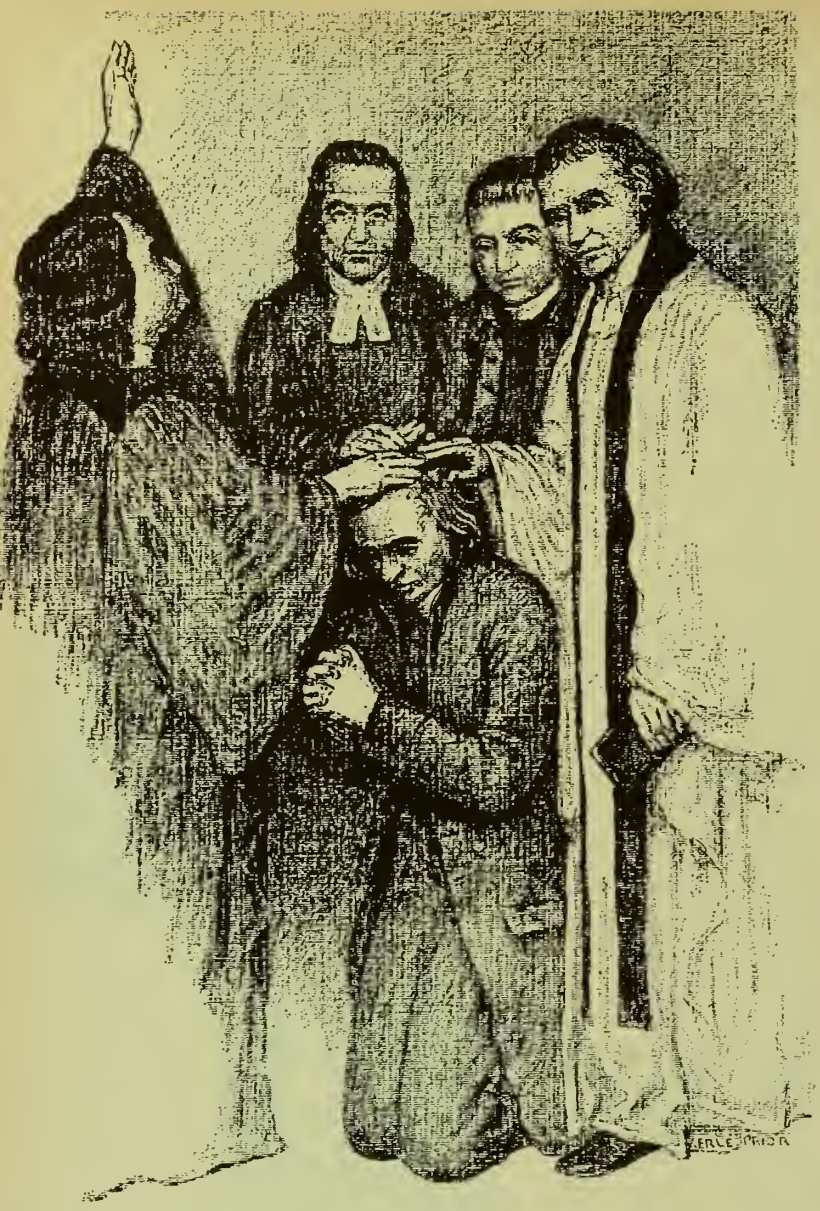

The consecration of Francis Asbury, as drawn for The Journal and Letters of Francis Asbury *by Erle Prior.*

Looks at New Books

By BARNABAS

THE MAN who probably rode farther on horseback than any other American was Francis Asbury, the father of American Methodism who traveled some 265,000 miles in the 44 years he labored to establish The Methodist Church in this country [See *'Live or Die, I Must Ride!'* August, 1958, page 32.]

As he rode and preached, Bishop Asbury kept a daily journal. His jottings from 1771 to 1815 are an eloquent testimony to the fire and fiber of the man who wrought for Protestantism on this continent what the American Revolution accomplished politically.

Asbury's journal was published in 1821 and was last reprinted in 1852. Eight years ago the World Methodist Council decided to sponsor publication of the journal in an annotated edition with all of Asbury's available letters. Since then a group of historians under the direction of **Elmer T. Clark,** executive secretary of the Association of Methodist Historical Societies, has been gathering materials and preparing supplementary notes. Co-editors with Dr. Clark are **J. Manning Potts,** editor of *The Upper Room,* and **Jacob S. Payton,** onetime Washington correspondent for *The Christian Advocate* and author of two books on Methodist history. Assisting were 15 regional research editors.

The result is *The Journal and Letters of Francis Asbury* (Abingdon, $21) in three volumes, published jointly by the Epworth Press of England and the Abingdon Press of the U.S. Philip M. Hamer, executive director, National Historical Publications Commission of the U.S. Government, calls this compilation "a notable contribution to an understanding not only of the history of Methodism in the United States but also more broadly to many other aspects of the history of our nation."

That's high-sounding praise. But don't think of these volumes as historical references only. They contain some mighty good reading.

Another assiduous journal keeper and letter writer was Louisa May Alcott, author of *Little Women,* daughter of New England teacher Bronson Alcott.

Excerpts from Miss Alcott's journals and letters sparkle throughout **Marjorie Worthington**'s *Miss Alcott of Concord* (Doubleday, $4.50). These excerpts, which are delightful glimpses into her thinking, present Miss Alcott more vigorously than any biography could do alone. Frequently, humorous pen pictures of her neighbors and friends pop up. Of the retiring Nathaniel Hawthorne, for instance, she wrote, "If he caught sight of anyone in the road he would go under cover like a partridge."

At its start, dealing with Miss Alcott's childhood, the book reads like a teen-age novel, but its style matures with its heroine. She lived a lively life, and such friends as Emerson, Thoreau, and Hawthorne were intellectual solace for the poverty with which she struggled.

As was noted in *Methodists Still Start Colleges* [October, 1958, page 24] critics have been assailing American education ever since Sputnik I. But now comes the sane, constructive voice of

James B. Conant telling us what is right with America's high schools—and how we can make them better.

Few Americans are as well qualified to do this as the former president of Harvard University. In 1957 he made a nationwide survey of our high schools; his new book, *The American High School Today* (McGraw-Hill, $2.95 hard bound, $1 paper), is his first report to "interested citizens."

Dr. Conant is convinced that our system of locally controlled public high schools is basically capable of meeting the educational needs of U.S. youth. But he makes 21 recommendations for strengthening these institutions. Chief among these is that the number of small high schools be reduced through district reorganization. He also recommends stiffer programs for academically talented students, including a minimum of four years of mathematics, four years of one foreign language, and three years of science—and at least 15 hours of homework each week!

TOGETHER readers may recall that Dr. Conant's confidence in American schools was reflected in *Why Don't Methodists Have Parochial Schools?* [November, 1958, page 30], in which he was quoted as saying: "If the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, it may well be that the ideological struggle with Communism in the next 50 years will be won on the playing fields of the public high schools of the United States."

In contrast, *Brainwashing in the High Schools* (Devin-Adair, $4.50) by **E. Merrill Root** sounds an impassioned alarm over the contents of 11 widely used high-school history textbooks.

Dr. Root, an English professor at Earlham College, charges that 11 texts quote "many known Communists and fellow travelers" as scholarly historians, describe controversial issues dogmatically, interpret the American Revolution as a class struggle, emphasize a democracy akin to the various "peoples' democracies," and predict an early death for capitalism.

Some educators feel that he has presented a distorted view. But undoubtedly you will want to see what view of history your own children's textbooks are presenting.

The war that won America's independence was a far cry from today's blitz-and-blastoff strategies. It was, comparatively, small in scope, leisurely in execution, surprisingly polite in tone. But to those involved—patriot, Tory, redcoat, Hessian—it was a bitter, fatiguing struggle which ripped even families apart by its pull on divergent loyalties.

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Greece (*Oxford, $8*) carries you from Olympus to the isles, unveiling the glories of Grecian art, myth, and archaeology in text and pictures. A fold-out map is an extra help.

Paris (*Hastings House, $6.50*) invokes the magically changing moods of the city on the Seine through sparkling text and 103 pictures, including 11 color plates.

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East to West (*Oxford, $4.50*) is British historian ***Arnold J. Toynbee***'s informal account of his 17-month journey around the world, a travel book with rare historical dimension.

The Rome I Love (*Tudor, $7.95*) catches the Eternal City's vitality, people, and close link with history in sensitive photos by ***Patrice Molinard*** and memoir by ***Jean Giono.***

Dining Out in Any Language by ***Myra Waldo*** (*Crown, $1*), the menu translator for food terms the world over, also advises on customs, tipping, notable restaurants.

Roaming Britain by ***Willard Price*** (*John Day, $5.75*) lets you join Mr. and Mrs. Price on their trip by small car from England's southwesternmost tip to Scotland's northern knob.

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how the men, women, and children caught up in the contest saw it, day by day. **Henry Steele Commager** and **Richard B. Morris,** two of our leading historians, have turned the trick in *The Spirit of 'Seventy-Six* (Bobbs-Merrill, two-volume set, $15). Basically, this is woven together from the diaries of the time—but that is oversimplification. Privates, generals, housewives, even youngsters tell us in their own words what they went through to give us the freedoms we enjoy today.

May 3-10 is National Family Week and I've been looking around to see what's new and choice in the biggest "how to do it" field of all—how to build a happy, successful family life. There is plenty on the subject. These books, I think, are particularly good:

Christian Family Living (Abingdon, $1) is a slim volume into which **Bishop Hazen G. Werner** has packed inspiration and down-to-earth common sense. Bishop Werner is chairman of the church's Family Life Commission and the National Conference on Family Life. He got actively into the field of family relationships while he was pastor of a downtown Detroit church.

The question of whether the city is a good place to bring up children often arises. **Dorothy Barclay,** parent and child editor for *The New York Times,* believes the best place to raise children "is where their parents—reasonable and responsible parents—are best satisfied and most at ease." For parents who are happiest in the city, she has written *Understanding the City Child* (Franklin Watts, $4.95), a sensitive and practical book based on sound training and actual experience.

And for the right start toward successful family living there's *In Holy Matrimony* (Methodist Publishing House, 90¢). This official marriage manual of The Methodist Church is a wise and friendly book that answers the major questions likely to plague newly—and sometimes not so newly—married people. Many ministers give this little book to couples they marry. Many of us older married folks, too, might find new wonder in our own marriages if we took time to read it.

I'm glad to have someone on whom to pin a favorite story. It's about an Iowa college which debated whether to accept a donation from a dubious source, but finally took it when advised that "money is like running water—purifying itself." The man is *Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver*—and I can refer you now to page 177 of the volume bearing his name as its title. It was authored by **Thomas Richard Ross** (State Historical Society of Iowa, $6.50).

Senator Dolliver died in 1910 after a brilliant career in Republican politics and, many still believe, lacked but a whisker of becoming president. This book tells his story, including his career as a Methodist layman, with authority and interest.

Not long ago TOGETHER observed that Methodist missionary-evangelist **E. Stanley Jones** had probably spoken face to face with more people, in more lands, than any living man. [See *'Grace, Grass, and Gumption,'* January, 1959, page 33.]

Now I hear that sales of Dr. Jones' books have exceeded 3 million copies, putting him among the booksellers' immortals. I'm sure that everybody who read his wise, forward-looking article, *Are 'Foreign' Missions Through?* in the same issue will agree that with the greatest is exactly where Dr. Jones belongs.

"Formidable as the Communists are, they are not ten feet tall, and the less we plunge ourselves into hysterics, the more likely we are to take good care of our affairs," writes columnist **Walter Lippmann** in *The Communist World and Ours* (Little, Brown, $2).

He bases his conviction on observations during a recent visit to Russia and a two-hour meeting with Premier Nikita Khrushchev. But it is no head-in-the-sand attitude.

The example of the USSR and Red China holds a strong appeal for the undeveloped countries of Asia and Africa, Lippmann says, and he is apprehensive that Russia is outmaneuvering us.

To her collection of **Pat Boone** records, Bonnie Barnabas, 16, has added something new—a copy of Pat's book, *'Twixt Twelve and Twenty* (Prentice-Hall, $2.95). I found her reading it the

Pat earned his degree—cum laude.

other night as she listened to one of his new albums, and I asked her if she would write a brief review. Here it is:

"A lot of people are writing about teen-agers, but sometimes I wonder if

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any of the authors ever were 16, or remember how it was. Pat's book is different. He's just barely out of his teens.

"What he has to say is convincing because he's a model for all of us—his successful marriage, his religious life, his talent, his determination to finish Columbia University with outstanding marks. He writes about our problems with understanding and sympathy, and he puts into words feelings and thoughts I myself have experienced but find hard to express.

"Oh, yes, Pat is giving the royalties from his book to the Northeastern Institute of Christian Education. That's just like him to want to do something to help others."

When an assassin's bullet snuffed out the life of Abraham Lincoln in 1865, the South lost the protection of a great man. For Lincoln had made no secret of his postwar aim: to let the former Confederacy "up easy." Instead, the radical wing of the Republican Party of that day—men who saw in the prostrate South a chance to seize riches, power, and revenge—grabbed control of the nation's affairs.

The result was Reconstruction. Aptly, Pulitzer Prize winner **Hodding Carter** has titled his new study of that tragic era *The Angry Scar* (Doubleday, $5.95). For that is precisely what the Reconstruction era left.

Carter, a Mississippi newspaper editor, has gone back to diaries, newspapers, and letters of those sorry years to paint a vivid picture of human life in a turbulent period. Here, alive and pulsating, are the people who made decisions which influenced the nation's future—and those who were bent down by them. Of special interest, perhaps, are the sections on Methodism of that era—although some of these pages deal with an unhappy time within the church, too.

All in all, though, this is a fitting new member to the *Mainstream of America* series.

Early in January author **Robert St. John** presented the first copy of *Ben-Gurion, The Biography of an Extraordinary Man* (Doubleday, $3.95) to Israel's prime minister in his Tel Aviv home.

Somehow the conversation moved to the subject of cables, and St. John told how he had received a cable from an economy-minded friend which read FHL, a code for Faith, Hope, Love.

Ben-Gurion pulled a well-used book from a shelf, flicked the pages until he found what he wanted, and said:

"Here it is in the original Greek. In Paul's epistle to the Corinthians he used this expression, faith, hope, and love (I Corinthians 13:13). Only for nearly 2,000 years it's been mistranslated as charity instead of love. If you read the whole passage you can see that he could not possibly have meant charity. Just listen."

For the next 10 minutes he stood with the New Testament in Greek in his hand, reading the passage aloud—in English, without hesitating.

The great Jewish leader's admiration for a great Christian leader is one of the diversities that help make Ben-Gurion a man who, in St. John's words, has "more magic in his personality than almost any other player on the world stage."

One of the most priceless things in today's tense world is a laugh. Perhaps that's the reason gagsters, such as **Bennett Cerf,** are in such demand. Cerf, who has been collecting and spreading humor most of his adult life, now has blossomed forth with a king-size crop of jokes, puns, wry witticisms, and the like in his new, two-volume *Bumper Crop* (Garden City Books, $5.95).

Actually, the set is a roundup of the gags in five previous books. One thing is sure: No matter what your type humor, you'll find it somewhere in this collection of what must be thousands of stories. One—of many—we liked, as a sample:

"Little Wendy set out for Sunday services in her best bib and tucker, equipped with two shiny nickels—one for the collection plate and one for an ice-cream cone on the way home. She scarcely had left the house when one of the coins slipped out of her fingers and rolled into a drain. 'Gosh darn,' said Wendy, 'there goes the Lord's nickel!' "

Chicago is the "I will" city. But it hasn't always found it easy to follow its motto. In 1871 the budding metropolis was cut down almost completely by a fire that became as famous as Mrs. O'Leary's cow, which reputedly started it.

In *The Great Chicago Fire* (McGraw-Hill, $5), *Chicago Tribune* reporter **Robert Cromie** describes the disaster in terms of people, naming businessmen who risked their lives to save valuable papers, housewives who barely had time to dump heirloom silver into pillowcases before fleeing.

Exactly how the fire started probably will never be known. Cromie has reservations about the cow story—but cow or no cow, the conflagration claimed some $400 million in property and perhaps 200 to 300 lives. And it left a third of the city's population homeless.

Cromie's book is enlivened by many firsthand accounts and the illustrations include some previously unpublished photographs.

Browsing in Fiction

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

BEFORE commenting on the novels this month I want to confess that critics are oftentimes an arrogant lot. This is a fact I know from personal experience.

The other day there came to my desk a review of one of my books which seemed to me to miss the point completely. It was a rather favorable presentation but it displeased me in its failure to see the book in terms of its purpose and deliberate limitation. I say this because I do not want to take my own criticism too seriously and I do not want you to take it as other than one man's opinion. For all the times I have missed the point, may the good Lord forgive me.

THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING, by T. H. White *(Putman's, $4.95).*

This is a wonderful book! I urge you here and now to put it in your home library.

Sometime ago you may have read *The Sword in the Stone.* You will find it in this volume, along with two other large sections which comprise a trilogy on the Arthurian legend. This is all more or less familiar stuff to people who have read Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* or Tennyson's *Idylls of the King.* But this book tells that marvelous story through the eyes of young people and from the viewpoint of a man with a great deal of common sense and a delightful humor. At the most unexpected times, White breaks in with a comment that brings that ancient story alive in a 20th-century way. The book maintains the real greatness of Arthur and gets rid of much of the senti-

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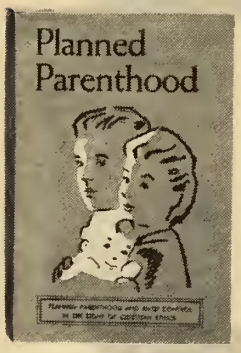

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mentality which, for years, has been associated with his story.

It is full of the grandeur of a great theme told directly, interestingly, and simply. As a matter of fact, I believe that this book is in its field exactly what a sermon ought to be as it deals with the Gospel.

THE LONG DREAM, by Richard Wright *(Doubleday, $3.95).*

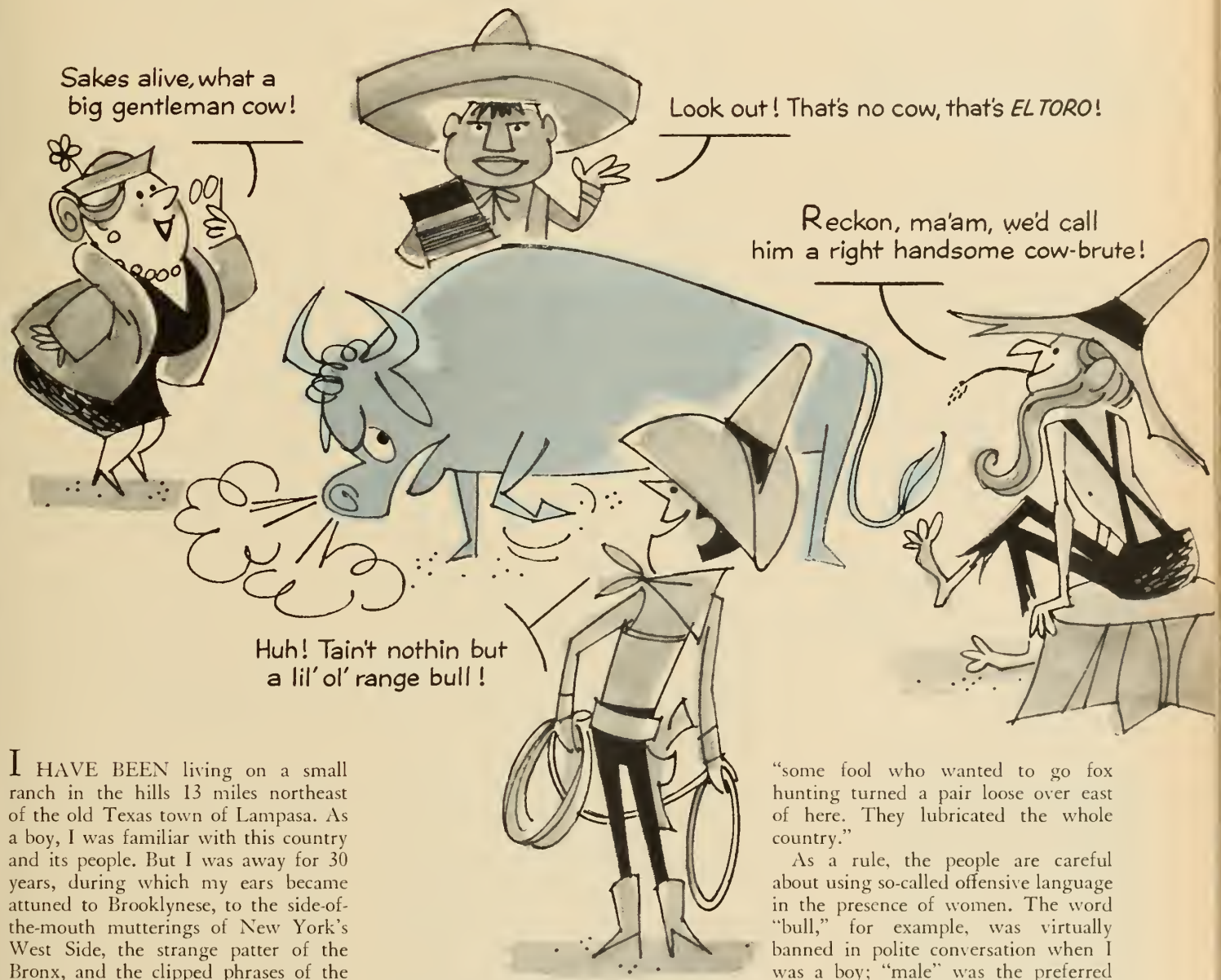
Richard Wright is a major novelist interpreting the thoughts of Negro Americans. He has a real punch and he uses it more in the manner of a slugger than a boxer. Those who present the Negro's case are prone to show him only at his best. Wright never does that, but he seems to take a kind of perverse delight in showing him at his worst. At the same time, he reveals a condition which makes us wonder why he is not even worse than he is. This, I suppose, is the only real way to portray the tragedy of segregation. It will never do to demand racial equality on the grounds that all black men are good men and, therefore, deserving of special consideration. It has to be done by showing that all black men and all white men are alike in being both good and bad and in having the same profound human desire for freedom, opportunity, and dignity. This *The Long Dream* accomplishes in a thoroughly convincing manner.

Caution: this book is tough and deals with the seamy side of life. Or, as they say about some of our modern movies, "For Adults Only."

"May I suggest liberal contributions? The building needs repairs!"

By Stanley Walker

Tricky Talk in Texas



I HAVE BEEN living on a small ranch in the hills 13 miles northeast of the old Texas town of Lampasa. As a boy, I was familiar with this country and its people. But I was away for 30 years, during which my ears became attuned to Brooklynese, to the side-of-the-mouth mutterings of New York's West Side, the strange patter of the Bronx, and the clipped phrases of the midtown society set. So when I returned, Texas talk sounded almost like a foreign language.

At last, though, I am getting the hang of the language hereabouts. Some words and phrases are vaguely familiar; the old settlers, many of them from the Tennessee hills, used them when I was a child. For example, some of the older people up around Rawhide and over in the Cowhouse Creek area of Coryell County have offered to "holp" me in various projects. They mean "help," but their word has an honorable background in the old Elizabethan "holpen."

This is still cow country more or less, but the talk is not at all like that encountered in Western stories, teleplays, or motion pictures. I've never heard "pard" or "pardner," or the simple, compelling "Git!"

One of the local old-timers has been of great help. Not long ago I was with him as he watched a garage being built. "That roof," he remarked approvingly, "is put up right. It won't swag." I had always thought "swag" meant loot, but this man, with logic and inventiveness, had combined "sway" with "sag" into one useful word, "swag." He also says "dreen" for "drain"; one "dreens" water through a "drain." "Legumes" in his vocabulary become "lagoons"; staples, such as are used to attach wire to posts, are "steeples."

One day I asked him why there were so many red foxes here where 40 years ago there had been none.

"A few years back," he explained, "some fool who wanted to go fox hunting turned a pair loose over east of here. They lubricated the whole country."

As a rule, the people are careful about using so-called offensive language in the presence of women. The word "bull," for example, was virtually banned in polite conversation when I was a boy; "male" was the preferred term. Recently, however, I attended an auction of fine Hereford cattle. Many women were present, and without exception they unblushingly called a bull a bull. Whether this change means a softening or coarsening of the moral fiber of Southwestern women, I cannot say for sure.

There are other examples of prudery, too. Not long ago I had a fine red sow which was far advanced in pregnancy. A neighbor, noting this condition, said: "That's a good sow. She ought to find you some nice pigs some of these days." Sure enough, the sow a short time later "found" an excellent litter. The euphemism seems widespread, although it is applied more to hogs than to other animals.

When a person or a family departs,

moves, leaves, vanishes, or vamooses, it is often said that they "took out." "Took," however, is seldom used otherwise; it usually is replaced by the word "taken," as in, "I taken Molly to be my bride."

Many persons have trouble with the letter "r"—"through" becomes "thoo" and "throw" becomes "thow." And the words suspect, believe, surmise, and suppose are rare; "expect" seems to fill the bill. Thus we have the statement, "I expect she was a good woman." The phrases "real pretty," "real bright," and "real nice" are meant as high compliments, much the same as horse fanciers mean great praise when they say an animal is "a real good horse."

As most of the world knows, we do things in a big way down here; things are on such a magnificent scale that it is the custom to deprecate them by frequent use of the phrase "little old." Thus we hear of a "little old river" (it may be a raging torrent), or even a "little old cyclone."

The word "hootus," new to me, has taken hold here, too. It means about the same as the word "acalaris," popular among the double-talk devotees in New York a few years ago, in that it refers to a gadget or gimmick for which the speaker does not know the correct name. I am unable to find its origin, but its meaning is clear enough —and it is very useful.

Another new term was reported the other day. A man described a local octogenarian as being "well mossed," which I regard as a happy turn. Its origin is simple: In the trail-driving days, some of the old longhorn cattle, principally from South Texas, were described as "mossy-horned." It is only a step from this to describing an old man who is frosty about the ears as "well mossed."

Despite these examples of speech evolution, many things are the same as when I was a boy. People here still don't like to pop off with quick answers when they are in doubt, which explains why a common response to almost any question is a slow, "I just don't know." Likewise, when a man is agreeable to a certain proposal he will rarely say "yes"; instead, he will cagily mutter, "Might could."

"Booger," meaning an ogre or something of almost supernatural ugliness or frightfulness, is another local expression that has lasted through the years. When I was a youngster, the ugliest man in the Southwest, by common consent, was a rider of bad horses named Tom Privett, from San Angelo. He was widely known under his trade name, Booger Red. Even today, when a horse shies at some imaginary object, it is said that he has "seen a booger." Recently I heard a lady here in town speak of a man renowned for his homely and rather forbidding countenance. "There," she said, "is my idea of a booger."

Another lingering speech custom is the parting phrase of salesgirls. Invariably they bid good-by with a long-drawn, bleating, "Come ba-a-a-ck," sounding for all the world like a forlorn ewe calling to a wandering lamb.

One of the most colorful phrases still common is that used to describe a stingy person: "He is as tight as Dick's hatband." The identity of the original Richard, and the circumstances which made his ill-fitting headgear so notorious, are long since lost in the mists of history. But the simile lives on—proof, I like to think, that traditional Texas talk will be heard for a good long while hereabouts.

Seeing new sights is one kind of vacation fun; here's another that begins the first time you ask . . .

'What's That Word Again?'

WHY LIMIT yourself to reading about picturesque speech when you can hear it for yourself? What Stanley Walker has done in central Texas, you can do wherever you vacation this summer. All you'll need are two ears and a notebook for recording what you hear. And this unusual hobby certainly beats counting white horses for family fun during a trip—and afterward, too!

You'll find plenty of surprises when you tune your attention to speech peculiarities. For decades, pessimists have been predicting the early demise of American dialects. True, standardization has been gaining, especially because of network radio and TV, motion pictures, and fast travel. Yet regional vocabularies still contain words which give them much of the snap and color they had during the early days of settlement from other countries.

Scholars recently have been working intently to complete research for a projected "linguistic atlas," which will pinpoint regional variations in spoken language. Here's a sampling of what they've uncovered:

Say you're planning your vacation trip one evening in your living room. (If you're from the Deep South, the West, or up around the Dakotas, you may call it the sitting room; in the Midwest it's likely to be the front room or parlor; around Chesapeake Bay, the chamber or big room; in the Carolinas, the great house or hall; along the Eastern Seaboard and in New England, the keeping room or best room.) On your trip you'll save travel time if you use one of the new limited-access highways (around New York City, they're parkways or thruways; in the Midwest and New England, more often turnpikes or expressways; in California, freeways).

Going to fish on this vacation you're planning? Then you may want to take along some earthworms (variously known as angleworms, fishworms, baitworms, night crawlers, mudworms, eaceworms, angle dogs, redworms, rainworms, dewworms). Don't forget the frying pan, either—though you may call it a spider, creeper, or drip-drop. It will be handy, too, for cooking pancakes (hot cakes, griddle cakes, battercakes, battycakes, flannel cakes, crepes, Johnny Crooks). It's hard to beat a meal like that, cooked outdoors beside a creek (gully, arroyo, barranca, wash, fork, rito, crick, bayou, stream, branch, run, kill, brook, river).

There's more to speech than just words, of course, and you're bound to notice regional differences in pronunciation, grammar, perhaps shades of meaning, and even in the volume and tempo of speaking. File these things in the back of your mind, for if enough of you are interested—and tell us so—we may prepare a separate *Hobby Alley* feature about them. But for a start, just concentrate on words and phrases. Two recent books that have helpful sections about dialects are Mario Pei's *The Story of English* (Lippincott, $5) and Albert H. Marckwardt's *American English* (Oxford, $4.50).

So try it this summer, won't you (youse, you all, you-uns)? And if you happen to be traveling in rural Maine, keep your ears open for the story about a *gorming* (stupid) man who got *all of a biver* (excited) about a *ding-clicker* (pretty young woman) and invited her to a *hog-wrestle* (dance), but wouldn't propose until he was sure she wasn't *pizen neat* (too fastidious) or a *drozzel tail* (sloppy housekeeper)!

Name Your Hobby

ART: Mrs. Belva Sanders, Hazleton, Ind.; Mrs. Douglas Gritman, R. 3, Skowhegan, Maine (coloring photos). Mrs. C. T. Lacy, 801 Lester St., Poplar Bluff, Mo. (oil painting).

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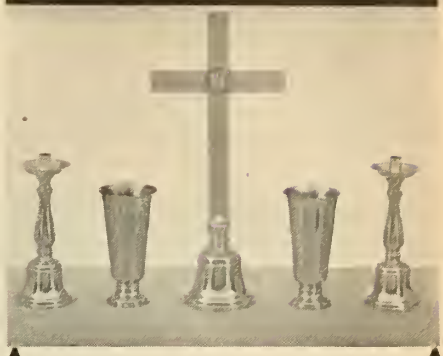

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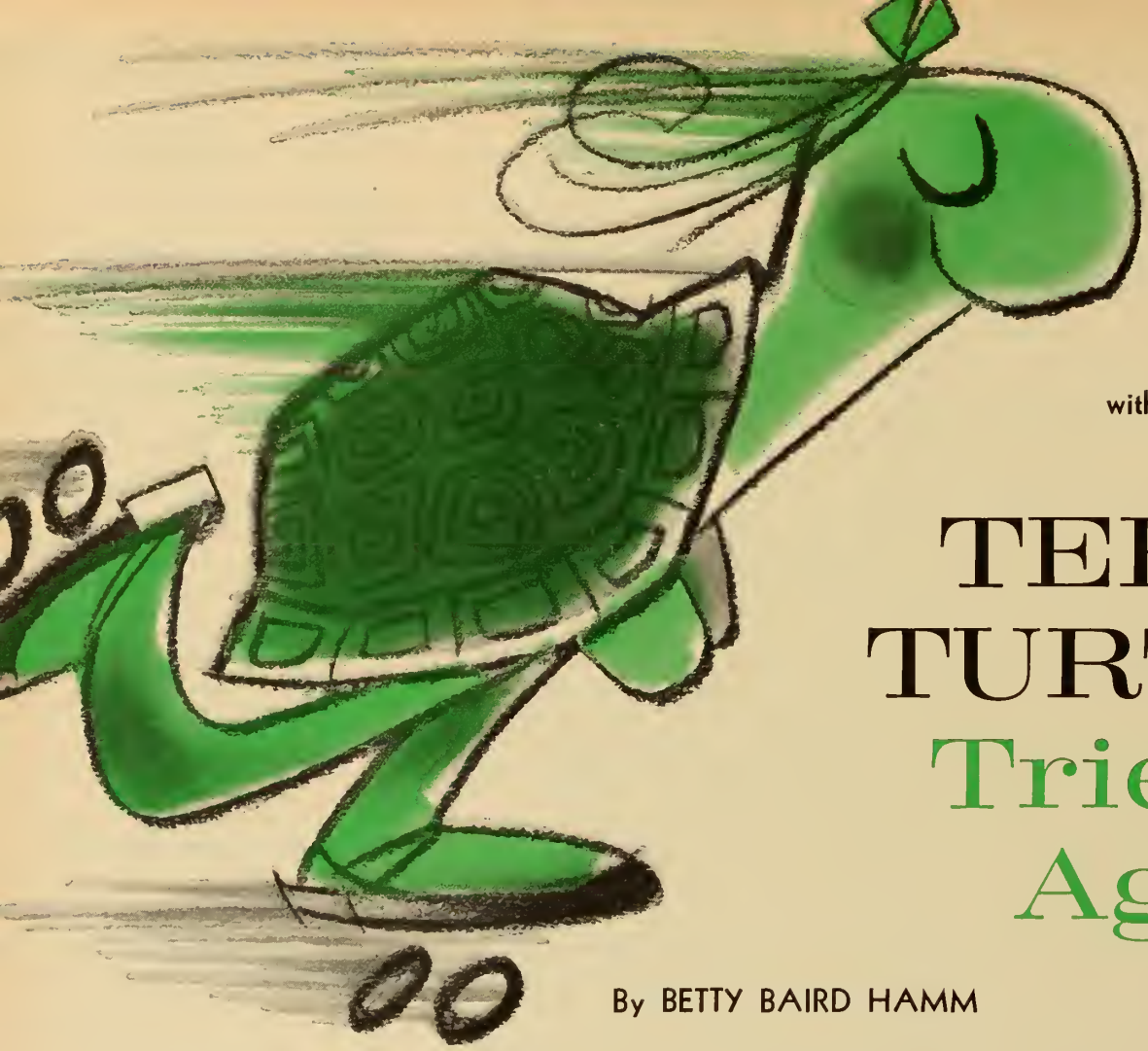


Together

with the SMALL FRY

TERRY TURTLE Tries Again

By BETTY BAIRD HAMM

ALL the turtle children in Turtle Town were excited. There was going to be a thrilling prize for the winner of the public-speaking contest at the Turtle Town School. And every turtle boy and girl was eager to win the prize—a pair of bright, shiny roller skates!

But poor little Terry Turtle wasn't even planning to enter the contest. You see, Terry couldn't speak quite right. She simply could not pronounce her "r's." For example, when Terry tried to say "try to talk very correctly," it always sounded like "twy to talk vewy cowwectly."

And now something terrible had happened to Terry—the worst thing that could happen to anyone. Terry Turtle had simply given up. She wouldn't even try to say words with "r" in them any more. In fact, she wouldn't talk much at all.

Three days before the exciting contest was to be held, Terry felt so bad that she crawled away, all alone, down a dusty path. After a while, she slowed her crawl to a complete stop beneath an apple tree full of pretty blossoms. Then she began to cry, great big turtle tears.

All of a sudden Terry heard a strange voice. It said, "Please don't drown my apple tree. You see, it means a lot to me."

Terry looked up and saw a plump brown owl sitting in the apple tree. The owl looked concerned when he saw two more big tears roll down Terry's face and splash on the ground.

He blinked his eyes and said, "Turn off the waterworks, Missie. Tell me your trouble—don't be a sissy."

So Terry Turtle told Mr. Owl all about the contest and the shiny roller skates and how she couldn't speak plainly. And Mr. Owl wiggled his wings and said wisely, "Don't worry about the things you cannot do—just do the best that you're able to do."

Terry thought and thought about what Mr. Owl had said. Then she decided he was very wise and very right. She thanked him politely for his kind advice and hurried off—at a turtle's pace—to start learning a speech for the contest.

Terry knew she wouldn't be able to do a very good job of saying the speeches the other turtle children were learning, so she made up one about a turtle who couldn't speak plainly.

When it was her turn to speak at the contest, she held her green shell very straight and spoke as well as she could. She told the audience that the little turtle who couldn't speak plainly was going to practice and practice, and that she wouldn't worry about the things she could not do—she'd just do the best she was able to do.

When Terry Turtle finished her speech, everyone clapped and clapped. And sure enough, Terry Turtle won the wonderful roller skates for doing the best she was able to do!

Mr. Turtle's House

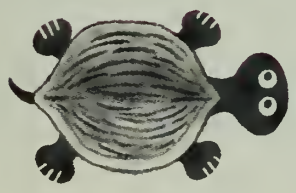
A turtle has a trailer house—
It's handy as can be;
"No matter where I go," he says,
"I take my house with me.

"I never hunt a trailer court
In which to park my load;
I pull my feet inside my house
And park beside the road!"

—ANITA CAVE

Dear God, I think it is nice the way you made some animals with built-in houses —like turtles and snails. I am glad that you take care of animals. Thank you for taking care of children, too, and thank you for my house and the nice people who live there and visit there. Amen.

Tricks with Turtles



For Girls—A Fancy Turtle Pin

It's easy to make a cute turtle pin from just half a walnut shell and a scrap of felt. First, place the shell on the felt and trace around it. Onto this shape, draw a turtle's neck and head, legs, and tail. Next, cut out the whole felt turtle and, using strong glue, fasten the walnut shell on top of it. Then glue tiny beads or sequins on the turtle's head for eyes. After the glue has dried firmly, you can pin the turtle on your blouse or sweater with a small safety pin.

For Boys—A Turtle Treasure Box

Here's how to make a turtle that will hold tiny summer treasures —like interesting shells and pebbles. First, place a small box on a sheet of colored construction paper and draw around it. Then draw on a turtle's neck and head, legs, and tail. Next, cut out the paper turtle and paste it on the bottom of the box. You can make your turtle's head stand up by bending its neck a little. And then, for a finishing touch, paint or color the box to look like a turtle's shell.

For Your Teacher —A Paperweight

Make the base for this turtle from felt the same way in which you made the turtle pin. For its shell, use a flat, pretty stone about the size of a half dollar. Fasten the stone in place with strong glue, paste tiny beads or sequins on the turtle's head for eyes, and then give the finished paperweight to your teacher for an end-of-school surprise! During the summer look for more flat stones—you may want to make turtle paperweights for gifts next Christmas.

An introduction to the UN and the seminar for Illinois pastors comes from Dr. Charles F. Boss, standing, and Dr. Andrew Cordier, seated, back to camera.

Pastors Watch

A MINISTER, it has been said, "must sense the great issues of the day and relate them to Christian convictions." *

An ideal place for him to do this is in the seminars on the United Nations conducted by Dr. Charles F. Boss for the Board of World Peace. An expected 2,000 Methodist ministers and laymen will attend these seminars in 1959, multiplying manyfold their knowledge of the world's moral and political questions.

Last January, 35 pastors and laymen from the Illinois Area participated in a typical UN seminar. They met first with Dr. Boss to learn the purpose of the workshop. Then they explored tension areas and the process of peacemaking in the organization's headquarters through briefings, consultations, and interviews.

* Maybe You Should Preach, *by Harold A. Bosley, April, 1959, page 32.*

Time to relax. *Pastors walk in UN Plaza, in shadow of Assembly Building.*

Rev. K. D. Plummer: *a grave issue.*

Rev. Ivan Lirely: *next stop will be . . .*

UN Work

In the General Assembly Building, a marble and limestone structure set in parklike grounds along New York's East River, they heard Dr. Andrew W. Cordier, executive assistant to the UN secretary-general, evaluate the Assembly's activities. His biggest point: Negotiations, not force, now have become the primary means of settling disputes. They heard official explanations, too, of the work of the Security Council and of UN efforts toward global disarmament. And Thomas A. Bartlett, adviser on Political and Security Affairs, U.S. Mission to the United Nations, explained to them this country's views on pressing problems which come before the UN for adjustment.

The Midwestern visitors showed special interest in a subcommittee discussion on wiping out religious discrimination

R. S. Chhatari *(left) and Dr. Boss: a better understanding of Pakistan's views.*

in the family of nations. High on their list of most worthwhile events, too, were talks on world affairs—as when an Israeli and an Arab explained the problems of bringing peace to the Middle East. In their limited spare time, the visiting preachers browsed in the UN shops and surrounding uptown Manhattan.

As for the question, "Was the seminar a success?" here's how the Rev. Merle D. Broyles, of Lombard, Ill., one of the leaders, summarized it:

"It confirmed and enhanced my belief in the UN. It made me realize its possibilities."

But did he see any room for improvement? "Yes, I wish its deliberations would put greater emphasis on Christianity."

Rev. William H. Day *faces a camera fan's problem: How many left?*

Rev. and Mrs. Fred G. Foster: *it's time to shop.*

Rev. P. O. Nystrand *(left) stresses a point for three fellow pastors, Frank H. Nestler, E. Cedric Pope, and Merle D. Broyles.*

NEWS of the world parish

CHURCH-STATE ISSUES GETTING HOTTER

New developments in church-state relations are causing religious, educational, and political leaders concern. More problems, with schools at the core, are foreseen.

Some civil-liberties unions and similar groups, fearing violation of the principle of separation of church and state, want no mention of God or religion in public schools. On the other hand, many Protestant leaders want belief in God taught, but not through sectarian viewpoints. Ignoring God is supporting atheism, they charge.

When the Church Federation of Greater Chicago took this stand, it drew fire from the Chicago PTA, the American Civil Liberties Union, and the Chicago Citizens School Committee. The Committee, in a statement typical of the other groups' opposition, called it "unrealistic" to think that teachers holding varying religious beliefs could present unbiased views.

Contrarily, Dr. Carroll V. Newsom, president of New York University, blamed many social problems on the schools' slighting of religion. And Dr. Louis H. Evans, minister-at-large of the United Presbyterian Board of National Missions, declared that the four per cent of Americans who do not believe in God have no right to secularize education.

Also stirring church-state debate is the possibility of a Roman Catholic as next President. Sen. John F. Kennedy (D.—Mass.), a Catholic, stated: "Whatever one's religion in private life, for the officeholder nothing takes precedence over his oath to uphold the Constitution . . . including the First Amendment and strict separation of church and state." His stand was sharply criticized by *Ave Maria,* University of Notre Dame publication, which commented, "Something does indeed take precedence over the obligation to uphold the Constitution—namely, conscience."

Other developments:

• The UN Subcommission on Prevention of Discrimination and Protection of Minorities has adopted a set of church-state principles aimed at combating religious intolerance.

• An Oregon law providing for free textbooks for parochial-school pupils is being challenged in the courts.

• In New York, the right of schools to say a daily prayer approved by the state Board of Regents is under attack.

Kansas Village Wins Fame

Because of its Methodist-originated program of entertaining foreign students, Burns, Kans., population 310, has been cited for "distinguished service in international relations." Vice-President

Vice-President Nixon tells Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Grimwood that they and others of Burns, Kans., "have created a home away from home for foreign students."

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METHODIST ALMANACK

A Miscellaney of Dates & Divers Interesting Matters for People Called Methodist

Now that I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good-morrow—B. Franklin

MAY hath XXXI days — 5th Month

Use May, while you may,
For May hath but his time;
When all the fruit is gone, it is
Too late the tree to climb.—Richard Edwards

1	Fr	J & C Wesley issue Genl. Rules, 1743
2	Sa	Oregon provisional gov't. authorized, 1843 Methodist Jason Lee a prime mover
3	S	Rural Life Sunday
4	M	Horace Mann, father public educ., b., 1796
5	Tu	American Medical Association starts, 1847
6	W	*Green frogs pick their banjo strings*
7	Th	American Bible Society meets N.Y.
8	Fr	De Soto finds Mississippi R., 1541
9	Sa	J. Wesley preaches at Cockermouth, 1780: "To the poor only; rich couldn't rise so soon."
10	S	Mother's Day. Started by Methodist Anna Jarvis. [See April, 1958, page 43]
11	M	Irving Berlin born, 1888
12	Tu	Florence Nightingale's birth, 1820 (Nurse, but didn't believe in germs)
13	W	Jabez Bunting b., 1779. Became preacher at 19; formed Wesleyan Missionary Soc.
14	Th	Lewis & Clark leave St. Louis, 1804
15	Fr	*A Christian is the highest style of man*
16	Sa	Last of Brinks robbers caught, 1956
17	S	Pentecost
18	M	Norway wins independence, 1905
19	Tu	Persians conq. Medes during eclipse, 556 B.C.
20	W	*Change not a clout Till May be out*
21	Th	Albrecht Dürer, woodcut artist, b., 1471
22	Fr	National Maritime Day
23	Sa	Benj. Franklin invents bi-focals, 1785
24	S	Peter Minuit bo't Manhattan, 1626, for $24
25	M	John Mott, Methodism's great layman, b., 1865. Rcd. Nobel Prize, 1946. Helped found World Council of Churches
26	Tu	Archaeologists form Natl. Institute, 1906
27	W	Amelia Bloomer b., 1818 (invented bloomers)
28	Th	Beginnings of Methodist Publishing House
29	Fr	Mount Everest conquered, 1953
30	Sa	Memorial Day
31	S	1st U.S. bicycle meet, 1880

■ 45 itinerants were in the field by December, & many local preachers, all under John Wesley's direction.

Nor ever once ashamed, so we be named
Press-men; Slaves of the Lamp;
Servants of Light.
—Sir Edwin Arnold

■ 1789 Conference set up Book Room in Philadelphia with $600 capital—lifetime savings of John Dickins, who was placed in charge. He said: "I will lend every shilling of it to the Methodist Book Concern."

Object was to provide tracts & books for the circuit riders, who were the "bookmobiles" of their day.

Dickins was alumnus of England's famous Eton College, and idea man of early American Methodism. Helped Asbury plan Cokesbury College, Methodism's first. In 1784 he suggested "Methodist Episcopal" for the new church in America.

Today, the Publishing House produces over 4 million books a year.

The world's a printinghouse; our words are thoughts,
Our deeds are characters of several sizes,
Each soul is a compositor, whose faults
The levities may correct, but Heaven revises;
Death is the common press; from whence being driven,
We're gathered sheet by sheet, and bound for Heaven.

Richard M. Nixon presented the citation to Methodists Ed and Betty Grimwood on behalf of the Institute of International Education.

In 1954, Mrs. Grimwood suggested that the local WSCS invite foreign students from the University of Kansas, 140 miles away, to spend Thanksgiving in members' homes. They came, and returned on succeeding holidays, bringing friends from other colleges across the U.S.

The idea grew into a town project, and residents now have entertained 77 students from 37 countries.

Potpourri Faces Lawmakers

A proposed constitutional amendment recognizing the "authority and law of Jesus Christ, Savior and Ruler of Nations" and a resolution proposing a half-day holiday for observance of "A National Prayer for Peace Day" now are pending in Congress.

Rep. Eugene Siler (R.—Ky.) introduced the so-called Christian amendment, which has been before Congress for three sessions. It is opposed by some religious groups on the ground it violates separation of church and state. The Prayer for Peace Day was authored by Rep. Harold Collier (R.—Ill.). It would authorize the President to set as the day April 22—when World War II officially ended in 1952.

Representative Siler also is pressing legislation which would ban liquor advertising in interstate commerce.

Legalized mailing of material about games of chance run by religious or nonprofit organizations is being sought by Rep. Stuyvesant Wainwright (R.—N.Y.).

The state legislatures also have received measures bearing on church people. Some of them would:

- Make religious organizations in Pennsylvania liable for civil suits.
- Set penalties of from 10 years in prison to death for bombing churches or synagogues in New York.
- Authorize Wisconsin public schools to have one hour of released time a week for religious teaching.
- Allow Sunday hunting in Maine by local option.
- Permit bingo games in Ohio for benefit of religious, fraternal, and charitable organizations. Similar bills are pending in Pennsylvania and Wisconsin. Also up in Ohio is a bill to prohibit nuns from wearing religious garb when teaching in public schools.

Methodists Help Nehru

Two young Methodists helped India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru celebrate his last birthday. Kay and Colleen Townsley, daughters of the Rev. and Mrs. Hendrix Townsley, gave him garlands and in turn were bombarded with traditional rose petals.

Mr. Townsley is a Pico, Calif., engineer who for 20 years has combined his talent with preaching the Christian Gospel. His wife, a native of India, is a licensed local preacher and has held important teaching and evangelism posts.

Students Need the Church

When young people go away to college, they leave the "stalwart" influences of the family, which can't follow them, and the church—which must.

That's how Dr. William E. Clark, associate director, Commission on Christian Higher Education, explained the reason for Methodist student work to Illinois Christian-education leaders meeting in Springfield. Youths, he emphasized, make some of life's biggest decisions in college.

Gains in Uruguay

Despite a government which inhibits church activity, The Methodist Church is showing encouraging gains in Uruguay.

There now are 20 churches and 17 pastors, with eight young people in the seminary, a new survey shows. Goodwill Industries has a fund drive for a new 50,000-peso building, and for 25,000 pesos toward a new social center.

New Church, No Debt

By getting 100 per cent behind the church's building plans, a Thomaston, Ga., congregation has moved into a new $700,000 church without owing a cent.

The church—First Methodist—never held a supper or door-to-door canvass. Instead, it mailed pledge cards to the members, who returned them of their own accord.

Church Smoking Areas?

To reduce fire hazards, churches should clearly mark areas where people can smoke, says the National Fire Protection Association. Where no such areas exist, it warns, smokers retreat to dangerous corners.

Careless smoking, the Association reports, accounts for about 5 per cent of church fires.

Scores Sunday Schools

Too many Sunday schools have given up their original purpose, which is to introduce the child to God.

So says Dr. Markus Barth, University of Chicago theologian, who may be adding fuel to a fire he started with a recent charge that Sunday school spoils children.

He told Dr. Clate A. Risley, secretary of the National Sunday School

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

• *Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?*

Some Came Running: Adult (—)

A mixed-up film that reaches for an "artistic," pseudoreligious approach to life by dredging up the unpleasantly evil and setting it on a pedestal as the utimately real. Frank Sinatra is an author disillusioned with the hypocrisy of everyone but himself. Dean Martin is an amoral small-town gambler. Shirley MacLaine is an illiterate girl of easy morals searching for true love, and who thinks she has found it with Frank. Martha Hyer is the good girl, too prim until she falls in love with Frank against her will. Inevitably Shirley is killed protecting Frank and Martha stirs new hope in him that life can be meaningful.

Sleeping Beauty: Family (+)

This Disney production is sure to become a classic. It tells the familiar story of a little princess put under a spell by an evil witch but eventually awakened by Prince Charming.

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker: Adult (—)

According to this film, bigamy is funny. Clifton Webb is a freethinker not afraid of new ideas. Since he has two plants, one in Philadelphia and one in Harrisburg, what is more natural than that he should have two wives—and numerous progeny—to keep him company wherever he may be? The slight plot doesn't get much help from the mediocre direction.

The Young Captives: Adult (—)

A brutally sensational film. Steven Marlo is a psychopathic murderer who kills whenever the pressures build up in his mind. He is hitchhiking away from his latest crime when Tom Selden and Luana Patten, eloping to Mexico, pick him up and are kidnaped.

I Was Monty's Double: Adult (+), Youth (+)

A strange, unbelievable event of World War II is brought to light with documentary accuracy. To deceive the Germans about the invasion of Europe, the British War Office trained a little-known actor, Clifton James (played here by himself), to impersonate Field Marshal Montgomery in a tour of North Africa. This led some German commanders to expect D day to hit southern France.

Sheriff of Fractured Jaw: Youth (—)

This plot situation has been used before—the starchly correct British gentleman who is thrown into frontier life and who, although only a tenderfoot, becomes a hero by disarming the villains and pacifying the Indians. In the process he marries Jayne Mansfield. This might have been an interesting time killer, except for the posing of self-conscious Jayne.

The Black Orchid: Adult (+)

Though the social background from which this story springs is unsavory, the effect is a positive attitude toward a genuine human problem. Sophia Loren is the widow of a man whom she had persuaded to become a gangster. Her son, a juvenile delinquent, is in a detention home. Anthony Quinn, a widower whose daughter is engaged to be married, comes along. Sophia and Anthony fall in love, with resulting complications in the lives of the son and daughter.

Stranger in My Arms: Adult (—)

The main idea here is possessive mother love, which destroys all it touches. The theme is carried to such an extreme that it almost loses all sense of reality. June Allyson is the widow of a Korean War airman lost at sea. Mary Astor, the soldier's mother, wants a Congressional medal for her son (though he doesn't deserve it) and uses June to try to force Jeff Chandler, his commanding officer, to give false testimony.

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CENTURY CLUB

Together has received the names of more Methodists who have celebrated enough birthdays to qualify for the Century Club:

Miss Florence Broughton, 100, Gaithersburg, Md.

Fred C. Farwell, 102, Susanville, Calif.

Mrs. Nettie Moulden, 104, Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Mary E. Sanford, 102, Westfield, N.J.

Names of other Methodists, 100 or older, will be published as they are received from readers.

Association, that he had been speaking from a theoretical standpoint; that actually he is all in favor of Sunday schools. He had said that what children hear is "Mama loves me, papa loves me, teacher loves me, God loves me," and that disillusionment comes when they get out among others.

Hails Church Colleges

Dr. Harold C. Case, president of Methodist-related Boston University, advocates the Christian college as best equipped to realize that thought is not a mere tool of power, but that power is servant of mind and spirit.

At the inauguration for President Lloyd M. Bertholf of Illinois Wesleyan, he stressed the need for church-supported colleges. He cited among their responsibilities the producing of people who believe in law above force, in righteousness as part of the nature of the universe, and in every man as a being of infinite worth.

Methodist Funds Gain

Receipts for 10 Methodist general funds have gained 3.57 per cent in nine months over a similar period last year—an increase of nearly $500,000. Highest gainer is the Week of Dedication fund (missions and overseas relief), 21.36 per cent. Television Ministry is up 14.8 per cent, General Advance Specials (missions), 14.33 per cent.

Largest fund, World Service, has dropped 1.54 per cent.

Want Better Religious TV

Religious broadcasters explored ways to improve Protestant TV and radio shows, which one participant described as at "an all-time low," at a meeting of the National Council of Churches' Broadcasting and Film Commission. [See *Is Religion on TV a Flop?* February, 1959, page 30.]

Rome Betts, outgoing Commission

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OLD AUTHORS, Dept. TR-5, Rowan, Iowa

chairman, proposed up to $10 million be raised over 15 to 20 years for experimental work, producing feature films, teaching local ministers the best use of mass media, and making special programs for national groups. The Commission endorsed the proposal "in principle."

Other suggestions: Programs should face vital issues; artistic quality should be high; denominations should pool their resources; Christian businessmen should be encouraged to sponsor programs with religious content.

St. George's as Shrine

The House Interior and Insular Committee has favorably reported a bill which would make Old St. George's Methodist Church in Philadelphia virtually a part of the national park which contains Independence Hall and other historic buildings. [Watch for color pictorial, *Three Historic Methodist Churches,* in June.]

Purchase of adjacent land and buildings would leave St. George's to function as a church but with agreement to maintain the historic structure as it was in 1774-80. Some groups opposed the bill, claiming it violates separation of church and state.

Memorial to Crash Victims

Three members of the Television, Radio, and Film Commission, killed in a plane crash, are memorialized in a Children's TV Endowment Fund set up by TRAFCO. They are the Rev. Royer H. Woodburn, the Rev. William Meadows, and the Rev. W. Carlisle Walton, Jr. Contributions already total over $1,275.

Churches Eye Alaska's Laws

Alaska's Council of Churches has adopted resolutions urging stronger divorce laws, bans on gambling, public hearings on liquor legislation, more aid to dependent children, a stronger adoption code, and immediate construction of a new mental hospital.

Christian-Moslem Partnership

Christian-Moslem co-operation could lead to the strongest defense against atheistic materialism the world has known, Rep. George A. Kasem (D.—Calif.) told representatives of the two faiths in Washington, D.C. [See *Moslem and Christian Can Be Friends,* by Dorothy Thompson, November, 1958, page 18.]

Mr. Kasem, a Presbyterian of Arabic ancestry, said there are 500 million Christians and 400 million Moslems whose mutual belief that spiritual values are central to man's existence makes them natural partners in a world struggle to preserve freedom of religion and conscience.

Mark 100 Years in Finland

One of the first events of Methodism's centennial year in Finland is dedication of a new church in Lovisa on the Baltic Sea to serve Swedish-speaking Methodists.

The work in Finland was started by seaman Custaf Lervik, who became a Methodist in the U.S. and returned to preach in his homeland. The Methodist Church has had legal recognition there since 1924. Its two conferences are in Bishop Odd Hagen's Stockholm episcopal area and serve 3,200 members.

Lauds Youth Exchange

Methodism's International Youth Exchange program was hailed as a sign of hope in a troubled world by the Rev. Howard Ellis of Nashville at a recent European Youth Conference in Stuttgart, Germany.

It is the people called Methodists, perhaps more than some, who see the world as one family, he told the 6,000 youths attending.

Taken in Peking in pre-Bamboo Curtain days, this old photograph was unearthed by the Rev. Donald Simms, Jr., pastor of St. Paul's Church, El Paso, Tex. He doubts that the tooth-and-eye "methodists" were connected with us Methodists!

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Sees Spiritual Recession

A "spiritual recession" is predicted by Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, pastor of Christ Church (Methodist), New York City, unless "we find some deeper experience and expressions of Christian faith to call us back to the essentials of religion." The boom in mass evangelism and popularized religion "seems to be waning," he believes. Dr. Sockman is urging an end to "division and fighting" among denominations.

Defends Right to Take Stand

The National Council of Churches, under heavy fire, has vigorously defended the right of its Fifth World Order Study Conference to urge that "steps be taken" toward U.S. recognition of, and UN admission for, Red China. The Council said Conference delegates spoke only for themselves and were within their rights.

The Council also appealed to churches to defend free comment on controversial issues.

Kitchens—or Children?

Churches are spending too much money on "elaborate kitchens and parlors" and not enough on facilities and programs for children, Dr. Harry Denman, general secretary, Board of Evangelism, believes.

The cost of juvenile crime is "intolerable" in his view. The chief solution: bringing up children in a church.

Deaconesses Act in Film

Methodist deaconesses now are actresses. In a new film about their work, *Make All Things New,* the deaconesses are the stars. The film is produced by the Television, Radio, and Film Commission and the Board of Missions.

The picture shows the deaconesses working among underprivileged children at Kingdom House, St. Louis, and Epworth School for Girls, Webster Groves, Mo. The film rents from the Methodist Publishing House.

Worship at South Pole

A permanent inter-faith chapel has been dedicated by the Deep Freeze IV contingent at Scott-Amundsen South Pole station.

With no chaplain, the 17 men take turns giving the Sunday sermon. Each major religion, including Buddhism, has at least one member there.

On Stage: Early Methodism

A cast of 200 Atlanta, Ga., Methodists have traced their church's early growth in a "hymnphonic" drama, *Unfolding Glory,* at the Southeastern Methodist Convocation. An estimated 2,000 persons witnessed the première in Atlanta's Wesley Memorial Church.

John Wesley (left) and Francis Asbury: they're portrayed by Atlanta actors.

The play was written in recognition of the 20th anniversary of the union of three Methodist branches in 1939, and the 175th anniversary of the birth of Methodism as a church in America. [In November, TOGETHER will salute this 175th anniversary with a special Anniversary Edition.]

Warning to Women

Employment of 28 million women in the U.S. today calls for churches to adjust their programs, President Louis W. Norris of Methodist-related MacMurray College told a meeting of churchmen in Rock River and Lexington conferences.

"Women must not let employment obscure the exercise of their peculiar spiritual values," he said. The Church, he added, also must help them realize their enormous influence on the nation's economic life.

New School at Lodhipur

Lodhipur Institute, a Methodist school in north-central India, is setting up a new industrial-technical department to turn out skilled industrial workers.

It will open in 1960. Native faculty members now are being trained in the U.S. Methodists are being asked under the Advance Special program to help raise $200,000.

Schweitzer: Man of Century

Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy of Los Angeles has returned from a two-month African tour convinced that Dr. Albert Schweitzer is "the conscience of the 20th century." [See *My*

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Visit With Albert Schweitzer, July, 1957, page 34.]

In a three-day visit to Dr. Schweitzer's Lambarene hospital, "we talked about everything from the hydrogen bomb to St. Paul's teaching of the second coming of Christ," the bishop reported.

NEWS DIGEST . . .

HEADS CHATTANOOGA U. Dr. LeRoy Martin, 58, president of Tennessee Wesleyan since 1950, has been elected president of the University of Chattanooga.

AWARD WINNER. Methodist-related Dickinson College's annual Priestly Award for service to mankind through science has gone to Willard F. Libby, nuclear chemist and leading authority on radio-carbon dating.

WCC ASSEMBLY. Ceylon will be the site of the World Council of Churches' third assembly in December, 1961.

JAZZ IN CHURCH? Two Episcopal clergymen in Rhode Island report successful performances of a jazz mass written by an Anglican priest, and recommend the idea be used by others.

FEWER BRITISH METHODISTS. For the fourth straight year, the Methodist Church of Great Britain has declined in membership; 2,899 this time.

WORLD REFUGEE YEAR. Great hopes are being voiced for success of a UN-sponsored 1959 World Refugee Year. A U.S. Committee for Refugees has pledged $675,000 for European refugees in China.

12 METHODIST GOVERNORS. Methodism holds more governorships —12 out of 49—than any other denomination. Baptists and Roman Catholics run second with eight each.

WSCS GAINS IN SOUTHEAST. There are 4,670 more members this

PHOTO CREDITS

Cover—Shostal • 2 & 3—Bengt Simonsson • 4, 40-Top, 41-Top—*Arizona Highways* • 21—TRAFCO • 24, 25, 26, 27—Globe • 37—Dorothy Van Ark • 38, 39, 43-Bot.—National Park Service • 40-Bot.—Phil M. Dripps • 42-Top—William H. Cunningham, Bot.—Monkmeyer • 43-Top—Northern Pacific Railroad • 45—Hopkins Syndicate • 47-R.—D. L. Richardson • 51-Top—Victor Barnaba, Cen.—F. Wenzel, Jr. • 67—Washington Newsphoto Syndicate • 77 & 78—*Horticulture* • 79—Esther Henderson • 47-L., 64, 65, 66—George P. Miller.

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE ANNUAL Corporation Meeting of Sky Lake of Wyoming Conference, Inc., will be held in the First Methodist Church, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, at 2 P.M. on Thursday, May 21, 1959.

Continued on page 74

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Continued from page 73

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Informative Reprints Available:

If My Daughter Should Want to Marry a Catholic (TOGETHER Nov. 1956) 12 copies 50¢, 50—$1.50, 100—$2.25.

Maybe You Should Preach (TOGETHER April 1959) 10 copies 60¢, 50—$2.50. 100—$4.40, 500—$19.

The Drinks Are On You (TOGETHER Oct. 1957) 1 copy 20¢, 12—40¢, 50—$1.25. 100—$2.

Trends and Prospects Within The Methodist Church (NEW CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE Dec. 1958) 10 copies 60¢, 50—$2.20, 100—$4, 500—$18, 1000—$30.

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year in the WSCS, Southeastern Jurisdiction, reports Mrs. David J. Cathcart of Lakeland, Fla., president.

WANTS RED CHINA IN UN. Recognition of Communist China by the U.S. and its admission to the UN have been endorsed by the Council for Christian Social Action, United Church of Christ.

HISTORY OF CHAPLAINCY. Writing of a history on the Air Force chaplaincy has been assigned to Maj. Dan Jorgensen, Methodist chaplain and member of the Detroit Conference.

MOST MISSIONARIES? There are 197 returned and retired Methodist missionaries in the Southern California-Arizona Conference area, probably more than in any other region.

JOINT HOSPITAL. A $300,000 hospital in Wonju, Korea, is being jointly financed by the Methodist Board of Missions and the United Church of Canada's Board of Overseas Missions, with aid of the Korean Methodist and Presbyterian churches.

BUILD AT ADRIAN. Methodist-related Adrian College has started a 47,000 square-foot science center to house its biology, chemistry, physics, and mathematics departments.

WATCH TV—OR TEACH? Adult "television-itis" deprives church youth groups of leaders, the Rev. A. L. Roberts of the National Council of Churches told the annual meeting of the Council's Division of Christian Education. Most potential leaders, he charged, "don't want to be bothered."

MILLION FOR CHRIST. "A million new souls for Christ" is the goal of an army of 7,000 laymen commissioned in Chicago's International Amphitheater for a door-to-door campaign in the metropolitan area. Dedicating themselves were evangelists from some 400 churches in the Church Federation of Greater Chicago.

WOMEN'S ROLE. A larger role for women in the Protestant Episcopal Church is being urged by the new presiding bishop, the Rt. Rev. Arthur C. Lichtenberger.

TO ADDRESS YOUTH. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt will be among speakers at the National Convocation of Methodist Youth August 24-28.

CHIMES AS MEMORIAL. Actor Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford, his wife, have given a chimes system to the First Methodist Church, Olathe, Kans., in memory of his father.

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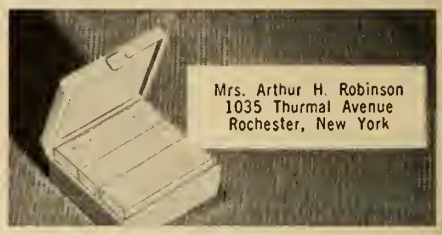

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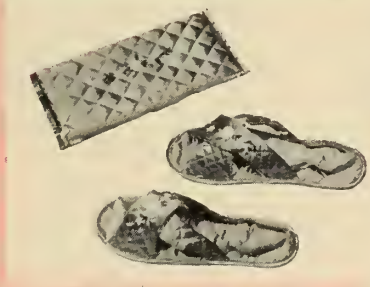

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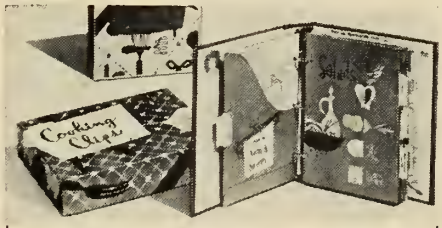

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Friends, kin, passers-by—all enjoy

Grandmother's Legacy

By ROMEYN BERRY

Author of Dirt Roads to Stoneposts

Grandmother loved the hollyhocks best of all the flowers.

WHEN Grandmother died 25 years ago she was 93. She weighed just about that, too. She left the old house, 30-odd descendants including great-grandchildren, and some securities.

Most of the descendants came on for the funeral, and afterward we sat on the back porch overlooking her garden and talked about Grandmother. There were tears, of course, but there was a certain amount of subdued laughter, too, for Grandmother had been a peppery old lady given to ruling her household with a firm hand and to taking no advice, suggestions, or back talk from anybody just because she was little and past 90. It was July then, and the hollyhocks were in bloom in Grandmother's garden. The affectionate reminiscences kept on well into the summer night. The next day everyone went home, and a good many of the relatives who were there that night haven't seen each other since.

Uncle Ben was executor of the estate and eventually settled things up according to law; but my mother lived in the old house for quite a while, straightening the place up and seeing to it (in a certain splendid disregard of the executor, the terms of the will, and the surrogate) that everybody got some legacy from Grandmother—friends, neighbors, in-laws, and collaterals. Mother was a pretty dynamic person herself and always did what she thought was right according to her inward light. She stood in no awe of the surrogate, who as a small boy had been a member of her Sunday-school class, which put him at a terrible disadvantage in dealing with her in later life.

That night on the back porch looking down on the hollyhocks, everyone had pretty much agreed that the thing we'd always most closely associated with Grandmother was her garden, and Mother remembered that when she got to settling the estate her way.

In the spring, Grandmother always had grandiose ideas about the garden, and started off in a typhoon of agricultural enthusiasm which always blew itself out to a dead calm as the weather got hot and other things came up to divert her interest. That kind of gardener runs eventually to hollyhocks, which are tough, independent organisms, thriving most luxuriantly under contempt and neglect. And Grandmother loved the hollyhocks best of all the flowers.

She was secretly grateful to them, I think, because they so successfully covered up the evidence of her annual backsliding—spreading out, blooming gaily, and concealing the other plants she should have cultivated and watered, but which she forgot about in her conflicting interests and enthusiasms.

The estate was not a large one as such things go, but thanks to Mother's superior attitude toward the surrogate, every descendant and collateral to the remotest degree got some sort of keepsake to remember Grandmother by. And on top of everything else, Mother saw to it that on the first Christmas following, every relative received a generous packet of hollyhock seeds from Grandmother's garden, intended to keep up the chain of affectionate association with the old home after it was sold, as it had to be.

The plan worked to the permanent enrichment of many generations and the enjoyment of unrelated passers-by in many far-flung communities.

I planted my hollyhocks that May down in Jersey 200 miles away from Grandmother's garden. They came up splendidly and the second year they bloomed, and our branch of the family has never suffered from a hollyhock shortage in any subsequent scene or season. The hollyhocks we have right now at Stoneposts are all direct descendants of that original stock, and we've had them on four different places in the intervening years.

Other cousins did the same thing with their seeds and with comparable results, so that now Grandmother's hollyhocks have spread to many parts

Now they have spread to many parts of the country as a symbol of our kinship.

of the country as a symbol of kinship and of a common starting place among relatives who seldom see each other.

Later on, too, when it became necessary to take snapshots of new babies to send to the cousins and the aunts, it became the family custom. to take those pictures against a background of Grandmother's hollyhocks as a sort of trademark. In that way we all got occasional reports on the hollyhocks as well as the new babies, and both seemed to be thriving equally well in Maryland, in Michigan, and in Nebraska.

Grandmother left some securities, also—railroad bonds and bank stocks, mostly, I believe—but those, of course, were divided among the first generation of her descendants. But 25 years have gone by since Grandmother died and that quarter of a century has seen a couple of wars and depressions—events that have had a tendency to do unpleasant things to stocks and bonds.

While I don't really know, I can imagine that some of those securities have dwindled away in some quarters without anyone knowing just how and without anyone being at fault. It's a quaint paradox that the part of the estate administered so skillfully by Uncle Ben and the surrogate did not do uniformly well once it passed beyond their control, but the part that Mother handled in her lawless manner has multiplied and thrived like the flocks of Jacob, and the hollyhock legacy now seems destined to make the summer gay the whole world over.

That's just the way, I think, Grandmother would have liked to have had her estate work out. Wars and depressions and drastic social changes would have worried her, of course, but in some way of her own she would have risen superior to her immediate situation, having convinced herself of the basic changelessness of the eternal verities through her observation of the unvarying cycle of the seasons. She would have disliked to see any of her legacies fade away but, between the two, she would have preferred to see the stocks and bonds dwindle and the hollyhocks periodically declare extra dividends in her memory across the land. Probably, too, after 90 one gets a more serene attitude toward relative values and knows that checks and coupons do not long sustain visions of old days. It takes the hollyhocks to bring back annually the picture of a little old lady puttering away in her garden and unknowingly creating the only kind of an estate that can survive the vagaries of change.

Spreading out, blooming gaily, and concealing the other plants...

"Country Crossroads" at Fairplay, Colo.

SCHOOL'S END

Now comes the yearly closing of each book;
Ah, let books gather dust while young hands try
To ease a struggling worm upon a hook,
To launch a balsa plane into the sky.
Now, put away the urgent, clarion bell;
Close fast the door, and turn the well-worn key;
Let drowsy days of summer weave their spell,
For youth must have a time of being free.

Young ears must hear a lilting meadow lark;
Young hearts must dream upon a hill in sun;
Young eyes, lift to a rainbow's mystic arc.
Young, winged feet need interludes to run
And follow down the wing flash of a bird.
Leave, dormant, now, the wonder of a word!

—Beulah Fenderson Smith

Resolution Adopted By Council of Bishops

Whereas our Methodist Family Magazine TOGETHER has won the enthusiastic approval of our laity and the general public,

and

Whereas TOGETHER is Methodism's most successful medium of public relations,

Therefore, be it resolved that the Council of Bishops commend The Methodist Publishing House and the staff of TOGETHER for a most successful accomplishment.

Be it further resolved that we urge our churches to adopt the All Family Plan and thus insure the continuation of TOGETHER on its present high level of excellence.

Bishop Gerald Kennedy
Bishop John Wesley Lord

Adopted by the Council of Bishops, November 13, 1958
Cincinnati, Ohio

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